

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

Those who have of late gone slumming in the columns of the *Evening News*, passing from "personal" notices to pious editorials, and from unctuous righteousness to unsavory advertisements that family papers will not print, may have observed that it has for several weeks been trying to engage this paper in hostilities. So far I have ignored these overtures, and merely refer to them now in order to say that I shall, if possible, refrain from saying one unkind word about the *News* or its editor. The bad feeling that exists between some newspapers is greatly to be deplored, and it will be very difficult to provoke me into making a harsh retort or getting mixed up in any way in these unseemly differences. Evidently a reporter on the *News* staff has been detailed to disagree as offensively as possible with my opinions, and to extinguish myself and the editor of the *Star* every Friday evening, (though why we should perish in one catastrophe, having no relation with each other whatever, I fail to see), but so far from resenting that attention, if it were done in a more amiable spirit it would rejoice me. He is welcome. A journalist who does not possess an initiative intellect should be cheerfully given a hand-out by the rest of us. If he comes up to the intellectual picnic without ever bringing with him so much as a pan-cake of his own, he should be allowed to rummage the baskets brought by the rest of us. It may be true that he will not find much, but he proves by his constant dependence upon the things baked by us that he cannot produce even a poor little bun of his very own. We should not interfere with him, for he is our brother. This is the spirit that should animate

malice intact. It stands apart, sullen and dull, the tombstone of every cause it ever espoused, yet its character has not been cleansed by its many sorrows. It is still the one avaricious, envious and discourteous paper that will have no speech with its journalistic neighbors. The *News*, under the same control, girds at *SATURDAY NIGHT*, snaps at the *Globe*, snarls at the *World* and the *Star*, seeks to undermine by unheard-of means the foundation stone of the *Telegram*, publishes sensational political "news," and all for the purpose of promoting by guerrilla tactics the enterprises of the *Mail* and its managers. This is why I am trying to make myself solid with the *Mail*. If I can win its affection the *News* will love me too.

In the city newspaper offices the exchange editor, whose duty it is to read the morning papers from cover to cover, always has administered to him a quinine capsule before he looks at the *Mail* editorial page. He is afterwards resuscitated and excused for the rest of the day. It is this hard life that causes so many journalists to sink into premature graves. But dismal as that editorial page is, it suits the managers so long as their animosities are gratified from time to time.

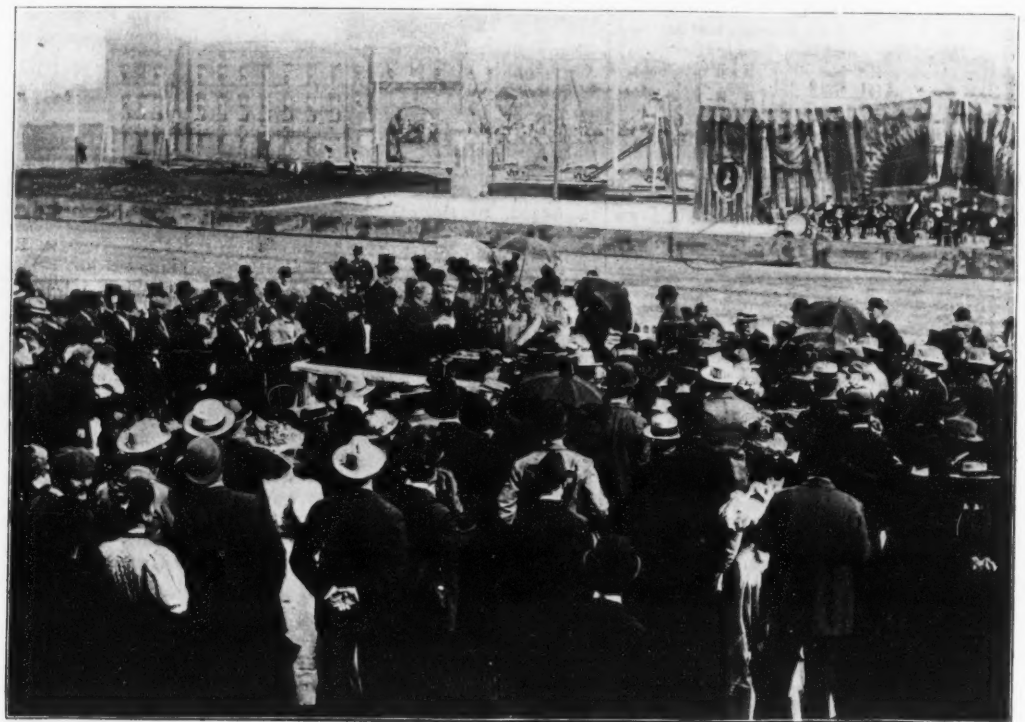
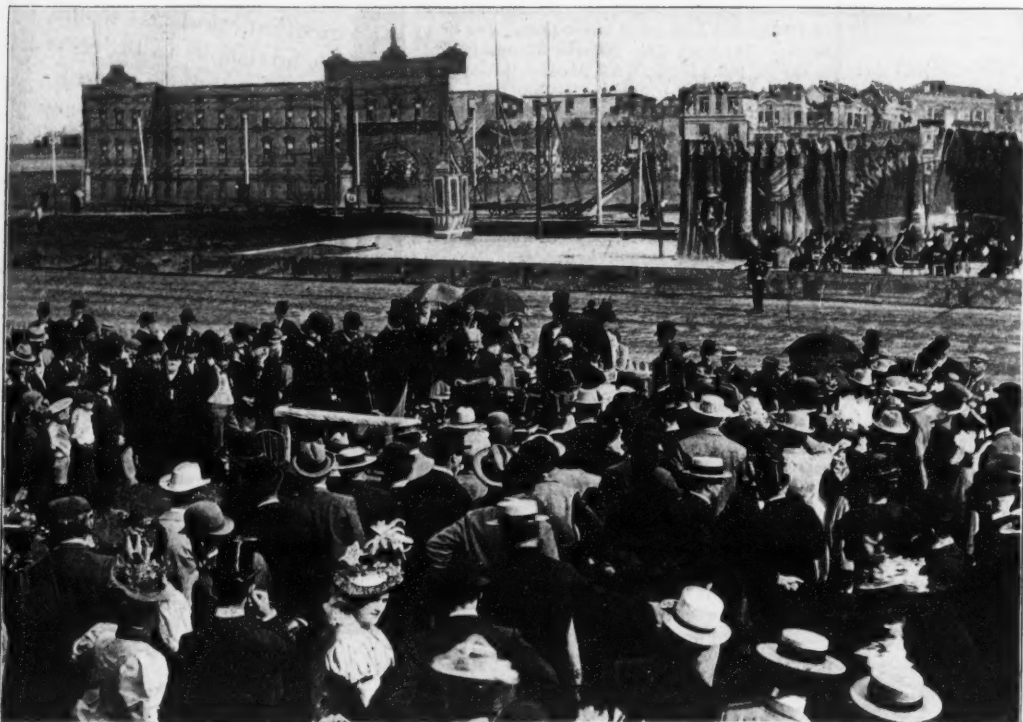
If the *Mail* will some day get "exclusive" news of an accident at Oakville or Lorne Park causing the loss of one hundred lives, publish a full account of it on the editorial page (without telling anyone), and if it can be shown that any person learned of the tragedy through the *Mail* editorial, I will donate one barrel of flour to the Hospital for Sick Children. Yet, while this fair offer dare not be accepted, and dismal and unread as that page is, it will remain so, for new men if introduced might show some of

date young men of that period made merry jests at the Saviour's expense, yet perhaps even a more confident scepticism and a loftier cocksureness would have been evinced had Jerusalem possessed newspapers, the telegraph, the telephone, steamboats and trolleys, and the other things that make us proud of human achievement and self-certain in our convictions. This week, in view of Schlatter's case, I have hunted up the accounts of other false Messiahs, and there have been a score of famous ones in the last thousand years, and I find that they all make converts, yet all were rejected and condemned, and some of them executed—together meeting with receptions neither better nor worse than the real Messiah who deserved so much from mankind. We need not too severely censure Pontius Pilate, for it is an open question whether a politician, scholar and ruler of our own day could be depended upon to show even as much fairness of mind to a son of a carpenter claiming to be divine. Of course we know now that anyone like Schlatter must be an impostor, but no doubt the Jews were quite as positive in their day. The point that I seek to make is this: that the one vast, irreparable error made by mankind has quite failed to impress upon us a lesson of humility. We decline even to recognize any more prophets—the greatest might come and be reviled, for we are satisfied that there will not be any more sent to us. Poor Schlatter! If we regard him as demented we may speak of him with compassion. He may hold the deluded view that he is divine, but he can make no headway in this age unless he can perform a miracle every hour, and of any and every nature that sceptics might challenge him to try. If he had power to raise the dead he would not be acknowledged

and tell us that it came to them the previous night. Such evidence is often valueless because the event is known before the dream-warning is related to others. Some women appear to be visited almost nightly by dreams that tell of bad news, and they describe their visions and voice their apprehensions regularly at the breakfast table; but if fifty such dreams are followed by no evil tidings the dreamer is not discouraged, and keeps on until she triumphantly produces a telegram announcing the death of a dear relative, reminds those about her of the dream she told them of at the breakfast table that morning, and goes off into hysterics. Such persons cannot give good evidence on the question. It is not the soul that warns, but the nerve center that troubles them. On the other hand, such a case as that reported from Guelph should be investigated, because we not only have many such cases on record and find about us many who testify to experiences somewhat similar, but there is, perhaps, not one of us who has not had an experience that tends to corroborate, however weakly, the claim that intelligence may be flashed a great distance and reach the soul or mind of a sleeping person. I should like to see this whole question investigated by hard-headed men, neither anxious to make out a case for or against, but merely to get sight of the truth if possible. I am told that a mother who is away on a visit to England wrote home to Toronto a couple of weeks ago in great trouble of mind, to ask if there was anything wrong with the family, as she had had a very troublesome dream the previous night, and on the day her letter had been written her youngest daughter had died at her home in this city after a very brief and unexpected illness. She had enjoyed perfect health. Such cases are frequently re-

papers with accounts of the gold fields that incidentally magnify Seattle, but the Canadians on the Coast must supply the remedy. In the East we are ready to do the right thing, but if the Canucks at Vancouver sit like bums on logs while the Yanks at Seattle are all activity, they can blame themselves. The Seattle people are blowing a big horn night and day; the telegraph wire is kept red-hot; they are booming and advertising now and not waiting for the twentieth century. If a United States firm has sent out an incorrect map, why should not a Canadian firm send out a correct one? This is Vancouver's chance, and she should be as much in evidence as Seattle. If we had correct maps showing the British Columbia boundaries, not as defined by the United States, and not with double lines as defined by the rival claims of the two countries, but simply and solely with the boundaries defined according to the contention made by Canada, then we could speak of Dyea, B.C., and Skagway, B.C., instead of alluding to these places as if they were in Alaska. They are in British Columbia, and some day significance will be attached to maps published in Canada in which the lines are drawn according to the claims advanced by Washington. From the West, where these points are understood, must come the information that will set Canadians right on this question, and some good nerry advertising would be of more service than continued complainings.

The man who invented the bicycle chain, which has made wheeling so easy and popular, probably did more for the cause of temperance than any of the great orators who have spent their lives in appealing to audiences to sign a pledge against the use of intoxicants. The



## THE OPENING OF THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

The Premier, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Reading Lady Kirkpatrick's Reply to the Opening Address by President J. J. Withrow.

Lady Kirkpatrick Touching the Electric Button that set all the Machinery in Motion.

the profession—a broad spirit of mutual helpfulness. Moreover, the attention paid me by the *News* answers the purposes of a gauge. If that paper ever approves of an article of mine I will know that it is unworthy of me—shall take the sign as ominous and at once consult a physician to see if something within my head has broken, or if one of the wheels has run down.

While I am in a forgiving mood I may as well make peace with everyone. These constant bickerings are wholly foreign to my nature. It is well known that the *News* and the *Mail* and *Empire* are controlled by the same men and the same animosities. Only those in the newspaper business fully understand how true this is and how unneighborly those papers are. The *Mail* gives frequent exhibitions of the malice it entertains towards individuals, but generally the *News* is used in such cases. The *Globe* rendered a service of the first magnitude to its political friends by adopting a policy of unvarying courtesy towards newspaper rivals and political adversaries. Just how great a service the Liberal organ rendered is best understood by the Conservative leaders who were politely but thoroughly overthrown. I am only saying what all newspaper men know to be true when I assert that the *Mail's* constitutional meanness towards all newspaper people without its own household has cost, is costing, and will cost a great deal to any political party which it supports. The *News* and the *Mail* are under one management, and individual reporters and editors on these two papers are probably not responsible for the malice they evince towards contemporary workers in the profession. Loving others of us with a fervent affection, they are compelled to assail us. In the chaos that has come, the *Mail* has only its

ordinary courtesies of life to the men who are making the other papers successful.

There is no other explanation of it. Some of the most genial men in town are on the *Mail* staff, yet the moment they enter the sombre doors of the building the ghosts that haunt the place seem to cast a spell upon them, and they become incapable of a generous paragraph or a cordial word for any fellow worker outside, however anxious he may be for good-neighborly relations. There are men of brightness and humor on the *Mail* staff, yet they are never able to elude the vigilance of the spooks that infest the place—the ghosts of men and causes misled into the wilderness and garroted.

The young men on the *News* have still their way to make. It is a mistake to suppose that headway can be made by pulling others down, or that envy can animate a man or a group of men without revealing itself. There is room on earth for more people than are alive now, and abundant room for those who are here. Let us dwell together in unity, or at all events let us agree either to keep the peace or to break it up seriously. Either will do, so that we but agree.

CHICAGO, September 1.—The man calling himself Francis Schlatter, who has been conducting a "divine healing" camp at Manhattan Beach since Sunday, has been served with a summons by the State Board of Health to answer the charge of practicing medicine without a license.

The man referred to in this despatch has been heard of very regularly for a long time. It is understood that he professes to be the Messiah reincarnated, and he undertakes to perform miracles of healing. At various places he has established himself and gathered about him a lot of believers and performed many alleged cures. There were no newspapers in Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago, or it would be interesting to look up the records to see wherein, if at all, the reception accorded the real Messiah differed from that which now greets the man Schlatter. No doubt the up-to-

as divine, but hailed as an inventor. Science would claim him; reporters would interview him; bereaved persons would telegraph him enquiring his lowest cash rates. In fact, the man Schlatter, by the spirit of the age, must be relegated to one of three institutions—if he can work cures he must qualify as a physician and conduct a hospital; if he cannot effect cures he must go to the asylum for the insane, or to prison as an impostor.

On page seven of this paper will be found an item from the *Guelph Advocate* giving the particulars of an alleged dream that proved true. Mr. J. Cotterell of Guelph fell asleep at four o'clock one afternoon and in a dream saw a dead body covered with a white sheet, and on lifting it recognized his son. He awoke with a start and related his dream to a friend. That night he was aroused by a telegraph messenger who brought a telegram informing him that his son had been drowned at Hamilton. "The dream and the drowning occurred at the same time," says the *Advocate*. Is this true? Would it not be a matter of the first importance to investigate this case fully and ascertain the precise amount of truth in it? We have just had the British Association for the Advancement of Science in session here, and it appears that we have a large colony of local scientists. Some of these are perhaps, as yet, rather unattached; why, then, should they not dedicate themselves to psychology? Here is a case that claims much. We have not only Mr. Cotterell's word for it that he had such-and-such a dream at such an hour, but that he related it to a friend long before he received the telegram announcing the death of his son at that particular hour. This case should be investigated, for it is important to the cause of knowledge.

We know very well that many people believe in dreams and profess to be constantly admonished by them. Whenever they get bad news they relate a dream

and there should be an intelligent effort made to get at the truth if it can ever be reached.

It appears that Detective Murray will not drop out of the Galt murder case and hand it over to another officer. Last week I quoted a Berlin paper to that effect, but Mr. Murray states that he will handle the case all the way through.

A couple of photographs are reproduced on this page showing the ceremonies of opening the Industrial Exhibition. The Fair this year promises to be a record-breaker in point of attendance, and already the streets are crowded with strangers. Those who find fault with some of the features of the Fair should bear in mind that no other annual exhibition succeeds like this one, and the inference is that the managers of it know what they are doing.

The British Columbia papers are all expressing the liveliest displeasure because the Toronto and Montreal papers do not give due prominence to Vancouver and Victoria in connection with the gold boom in the Klondike. Here is a paragraph from the *Vancouver World*:

A couple of days ago we made reference to the fact that a recently issued map by a newly started journal in Massachusetts, showing the Pacific coast northwards from San Diego and San Francisco, did not mention Vancouver. On that map appeared all the transcontinental lines of railway, making New Westminster the terminus of the Canadian Pacific in British Columbia. Such a map is not only valueless but its publisher should be prosecuted for giving publicity to misleading information. Our attention has been called to other publications, eastern trade journals, and secular publications, which, while pretending to impart reliable information concerning the west, make no mention whatsoever of Vancouver, destined undoubtedly to become the Liverpool of the twentieth century. If the publishers of the concerns we have reference to are unaware of the existence of Vancouver and ignorant of the geography of their own country they should be sent back to school for at least half a dozen years. They are a positive disgrace to the journalistic profession. It is such ignoramuses as these who bring discredit on it.

It must seem incomprehensible to the press men of Vancouver that the boomsters of Seattle find it so easy to "the Canadian

man who invented the bicycle chain did not merely advise people to be good—he showed them how, for he gave them a means of inducing mental and physical exhilaration without the use of stimulants. All those who use bicycles have not ceased to drink liquor, yet the effect of the bicycle upon the drink habit has been good—more productive of good, probably, than any or all of the inefficient prohibitory laws that have been tried. Temperance makes headway often in spite of its advocates. A great change has come over the world since the days when the pious New Englanders used to burn people for witchcraft, and send to England for malt because the lack of it drove them to "drink water instead of wholesome beer." They complained bitterly of the scarcity of beer, and one of the great hardships of the new country was the necessity for drinking water, which was regarded as extremely unhealthy and cheerless, and meant only for the lower animals. About the time that it became known that a human being could not be a witch, doubts also arose as to the evil character of water as a beverage. People were discovered who had imbibed it with impunity. A long step has been made since that day, and now perhaps there is no people in the world who drink so much water as the New Englanders and Canadians. We carry it almost to the point of excess. We find it even in our milk. The final triumph of good sense may reasonably be hoped for in regard to what men and women may drink without sin and without misgivings. The stern Puritans of two hundred years ago were wrong in two points, for beer is not indispensable to health and water is not destructive of health. Doctors once bled patients for everything—now you cannot induce one of them to bleed you for anything; and so with beer and water another extreme has been reached, and beer is held in strong aversion, whereas good people once thought it indispensable. One hundred years ago great apple orchards were hewn down in Maine in the course of a temperance campaign against

NOTES ON RUGBY.—The first of three articles by Mr. A. F. Barr, ex-captain of Varsity, appears on page 7 of this issue. These articles give theories on training, team and individual play.



elder, and so I say that the cause of temperance has prospered often in spite of its advocates, for they have had to re-travel very often the roads they have come, not only to re-plant those orchards, but to annul the laws that were bad. Good sense, developing always, has, however, forwarded the cause of temperance if not of teetotalism, and it may be safely trusted to solve things in the end, irrespective of pre-conceived theories. MACK.

### Society at the Capital.

Mr. Louis K. Jones, who has been a member of his sister's (Mrs. Palmer) house-party at Fernbank, on the St. Lawrence, has now gone to Eastwood on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson.

Mr. and Mrs. Gormuley, who have spent the summer at Murray Bay, are, with their family, expected home next week.

On Monday His Excellency the Governor-General paid a visit to the rifle range, being met by Lieut.-Col. Tilton opposite the council tent and escorted over the camp and range.

Mr. George Henderson and Mrs. Henderson have returned from Prout's Neck, Maine, where they have spent the last few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Perley are spending a few weeks at that charming club house, Echo Beach.

Colonel and Mrs. Walker Powell, who have spent the last few weeks down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, are expected home this week.

If rushing from place to place constitutes a pleasant visit, the members of the British Association who honored the Capital with a visit on Saturday must have certainly had what the Yankees call a "good time." The piece de resistance of the sight-seeing was a visit to the Experimental Farm, where the members were received by Hon. Sidney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, and entertained at luncheon by the members of the Government. During their visit to the city the scientists were attended by the members of the Cabinet in town, by the Mayor, nearly all the ex-mayors, and all the aldermen, past and present, who could get off for the day.

Mr. Herbert Perley arrived in Ottawa last week from Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bate of Daly avenue have come up from their country house to be ready for the arrival of their daughter, Miss Claudia Bate, who has been in England with Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier.

His Excellency the Governor-General has joined Lady Aberdeen at Stanley House, New Richmond, where she is staying with her daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, and her two sons, Hon. Dudley and Hon. Archie Gordon.

Mr. Hewitt, His Excellency's private secretary, Mrs. Hewitt and their two little girls have spent the summer at Stanley House.

Hon. William Patterson, Mrs. and Miss Patterson, who have been in Inch Arran, Dalhousie, N.B., have arrived in town and are at the Russell House.

Sir Sandford Fleming has arrived in town from Halifax, where he spent the greater part of the summer. His nieces, the Misses Smith, are still in Halifax, but will return in a short time.

Mr. Justice Taschereau and Madame Taschereau have returned to town after a pleasant summer spent partly at the seaside and partly visiting the summer resorts on the Lower St. Lawrence.

Miss Eva O'Meara has returned from Hotel Victoria, Aylmer, where she has spent the last few weeks.

Mr. McTavish, City Solicitor, who has been in England for some months, has returned home. Mr. W. L. Scott returned last week from Cushing's Island, where he spent his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who have been staying at the Victoria Hotel, Aylmer, have returned to town and have taken a house on Daly avenue for the winter.

Chief Justice Strong has returned from England accompanied by his grandson, Mr. Lawrence Lyon of Toronto.

Mr. Agar Adamson, who has been the guest of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne at Fernbank, has returned home.

Misses Ritchie and Scott, who have been visiting at Fernbank, have returned home.

Miss Edith Powell and Miss Ethel White returned to town this week after a delightful visit to Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin at Parry Sound.

Captain MacLean, A.D.C., has returned from a trip down the St. Lawrence.

Dr. Shirres, late medical attendant to Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, has come over from London and is now with Mrs. Shirres and her sisters, the Misses Thistle, at the Algonquin, St. Andrew's.

Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell and her little girls have returned to town from Alexandria Bay, where they have spent the summer.

Mrs. Irwin and family, who have been at Cacouna all summer, are expected home next week.

Ottawa, September 1, 1897.

### Social and Personal.

The news of Sir Casimir Gzowski's serious indisposition in the Old Country, which was cabled to his son last week, filled many with forebodings that they had seen for the last time the face of one of the best known and best beloved of Canada's representative men. Mr. Casimir Gzowski left for England immediately, being urgently called for. Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski were to have returned to Toronto in a month or so. When the former was taken ill they were visiting their children in England.

Many complimentary remarks were made by those who know, upon the artistic skill and perfect arrangements which were evident in the design of the tables for the British Association banquet last week, as well as the elegance, excellence and simplicity combined which characterized the menu. For these things the clever steward of the Toronto Club, Mr. Bender, is entitled to great praise, he having designed the plan of the hall and being responsible for a sequence of good things which so tickled the palate of His Excellency that he sent a message of appreciation to the steward and an assurance of his patronage in November. I was struck by the cleverness of the alternation of



MISS BESSIE BONEHILL

Who will appear in "Little Monto Cristo" at the Toronto Opera House Next Week.

hot and cold courses, which in great measure accounted for the happy despatch with which the banquet was gotten over, and the speeches, for which all waited impatiently, so speedily given their turn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, and Mrs. Alley and her little ones, with Mrs. Ewart of Winnipeg, will be home from Chief's Island next week. Last week this fair spot in Muskoka was the scene of unbounded hospitality, when Lord and Lady Lister and their party, with other distinguished scientists, were entertained by the popular master and mistress of the Island. Mr. Herbert Mason took his guests to Maplehurst on the steam launch, and from there Sir John and Lady Lister returned to Toronto and left for the Association meeting in Montreal, after which they all go to the Pacific Coast. The notables were in raptures over Muskoka, the beauties of which it is needless to remark they saw under the fairest possible auspices in charge of their kind and experienced host and hostess.

The concert at the Aquatic Association Hall, Center Island, which was given on Thursday evening of last week to an enthusiastic audience, was managed by Mr. Delasco and was of unusual interest. Miss Bessie Bonnell, who is singing beautifully, Miss Dora McMurtry, who is always a favorite wherever she sings, Mr. Delasco, and Mr. Charles Wark, as pianist, were encored and gave a most delightful programme. After the concert a dance was the closing jollification. Mrs. J. Stanton King's funny graphophone was a feature of the programme and was much enjoyed by its amused hearers. On the following evening the prizes won at the regatta of the previous Saturday were presented by President Jack Massey, and a record-breaking dance, which all said was the very best among many good ones, followed. The prizes were enameled pins, very dainty and neat, and paddles. The senior championship was won by Mr. Clifford Rolph and the junior championship was a tie between Mr. G. T. Clarkson and Mr. Bert Morrison.

Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mrs. F. C. Moffatt and Miss Maud Givins went over to Buffalo Monday and were royally entertained by Mr. Henry Richmond, one of Buffalo's best known mondains.

Major Rexstraw of Alexander Hamilton Post, 182, G. A. R., Department of New York, has been visiting his nephew, Mr. G. D. Hunt, Palmerston avenue. Major Rexstraw rode with General Slocum as one of his private escorts from Atlanta to the sea, and won medals of distinction at both Gettysburg and the Potomac.

This year Loretto Abbey has again come to the front and succeeded in carrying off a large share of the honors at recent examinations. The continued successes of the pupils of that institution year after year well sustain the careful instruction imparted at the Abbey. Mr. Vogt, the musical examiner, praised very highly the standard of excellence attained in both instrumental and vocal music.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Herbert are spending a vacation visiting New York, Philadelphia and Buffalo. They expect to return next week.

Rev. Canon Sweeney, D. D., R. D., has returned to Toronto from Europe and has taken up his residence at 286 College street.

Mr. P. E. Ritchie returned home this week from a most delightful three weeks' holiday outing at the United States Soo.

On Tuesday morning last Mr. J. Edward Maybee of Toronto was quietly married to Miss Annie Augusta, daughter of Mrs. M. A. Short of Wellington street west. Rev. Herbert Lee of Aurora, a cousin of the bride, performed the ceremony in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. Mr. W. B. Short and Miss Ada Short acted as groomsmen

and bridesmaid respectively. After a few weeks spent in a tour of Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River, Mr. and Mrs. Maybee will take up their residence at 475 Euclid avenue, where they will be at home to their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander and their family return from a summer in Cobourg next week.

Mrs. Mittleberger of Chicago is the guest of Mrs. G. Byers Towers, 441 Shaw street. General W. Sooy-Smith also paid a flying visit to our fair city en route to Quebec.

Miss Tubby of Rose avenue, who is summering at Badmy Beach, is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Storey of Acton.

Mrs. James E. Smith and family are spending the summer at their pretty island in Muskoka. Amongst the friends stopping with them are: Mr. and Miss Heward, Miss Laura Wise of Ottawa; Miss Adeline Boulton, Miss Scott, Mr. Becher of London; Mr. Meredith, Mr. Langmuir and Mr. Stanton.

A very pleasant event took place at the residence of Capt. W. D. Rogers, when his fourth daughter, Charlotte, was wedded to Dr. Charles Sears McKee of Peterboro'. The bride was gowning in a very becoming organdie muslin over white silk, and carried a beautiful bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaid was the bride's sister, Miss Bertha Rogers, who wore organdie over yellow silk and carried a shower bouquet of yellow roses. The groomsmen were Mr. G. Sutherland Forsyth. The drawing-room was tastefully decorated with palms, ferns and flowers, while the bridal party stood below a bell of asters and smilax. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Bowers, assisted by Rev. Dr. Turnbull. After a sumptuous repast the happy doctor left with his handsome bride by the nine p. m. train for the East, amid showers of rice and many congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther will spend a few days in Cobourg this month.

Less than a year ago a notice appeared in these columns of the marriage of Miss Isabel M. Rose, daughter of Mr. H. J. Rose, a former Torontonian, in California, to Mr. A. Kortright Neales, a well known New Brunswicker. Mr. Neales died of consumption on August 21, leaving his young wife and baby in their far-away home. Mrs. Neales has been in one short year wife, mother and widow, and former friends will send her much sympathy in her present affliction, for many Toronto people have kept her memory green.

Monsieur Eugene Masson has made arrangements with several schools of Paris, universities and normal schools, to have their pupils exchange letters with anyone desirous of perfecting their French expression by way of writing. Interesting subjects, holidays, fads, friends, books and amusements are freely discussed. These correspondence clubs are great aids and very interesting to those interested in foreign languages. Mr. Stead of the Review of Reviews is the head of such a club in London, England.

The Misses Michie of Toronto have been visiting Mrs. Patterson of Orillia, and are now in Wiarton.

One of the September weddings about which a great deal of interest is felt in smart circles is that fixed for the sixteenth, when will be celebrated the nuptials of Miss Maude Beatty, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, and Mr. Herbert Cawthra, only son of Mrs. John Cawthra. Both the bride and groom are well known in Toronto, where they have spent most of their lives, both are of wealthy and influential families and intend settling in this city after a wedding tour in Europe, and at their wedding neither artistic effort nor liberal outlay will be lacking to make it par excellence the event of its kind of this notable year. The

bride, who is tall, slight and graceful, the very figure which is the delight of the modiste, will wear a trained wedding robe of richest white satin, the skirt perfectly plain, the bodice with blouse effect of soft satin in front and vest of softest pleated chiffon, a collet of satin edged with puffed chiffon, from which will fall a sort of circular capelet of richest old-rose point lace. The veil will be of tulle, completely shrouding the shimmering gown, and the bride will be a picture fair to look at as she paces up the quiet aisle of old St. James'. The number of the Muses will be the number of her attendant maids, all nine of them in snowy satin, with the smartest imaginable touch of color in three shades of nasturtium as folded belts of corded silk, and revers of the medium shade, soft chiffon stocks, and narrow tucked sleeves of white satin. More could I tell an' I would, but won't, save that the going-away gown of navy serge, with collar lined with palest green shot silk, and under the Eton fronts second fronts of Turkish red cloth, edged with myriad tiny gold buttons a la militaire, and a vest and stock of white folded chiffon, is le dernier cri in smartness, and a perfect gem of dressmakers' art.

Mrs. J. J. Hope-Thompson of Chatham has been for ten days on a visit to friends in Toronto.

The marriage of Mr. Geo. Herbert Fairclough to Miss Helen Maude Freeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Freeman of Grand Rapids, will be solemnized September 27 at 11 o'clock in the morning at St. Mark's church, Grand Rapids. Miss Jane Freeman will be maid of honor and Dr. W. H. Scott of Kalamazoo will be best man. Mr. and Mrs. Fairclough will go to points in Canada for a trip and will be at home after October 1 at 225 Walnut street west. There will be about three hundred invitations to the church and about sixty to the reception at the house.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen Gordon, daughter of Colonel Gordon, district officer commanding in Montreal, and Mr. Arthur Cunningham, took place at Kingston in St. George's cathedral on Wednesday morning at half-past ten o'clock. The Dean of Ontario and Rev. G. R. Beamish officiated, and the service was fully choral. The bride, who is a very popular and handsome girl and much admired, wore a bridal gown of white duchesse satin trimmed with chiffon and orange blossoms, and a tulle veil and wreath. She carried a bouquet of white roses and was attended by a bevy of six small maids of honor and three bridesmaids, who were simply gowning in white muslin and carried large nosegays of sweet-peas. The first bridesmaid was Miss Florrie Cunningham, sister of the groom, with Misses Bessie and Nora Gordon, the bride's sisters, the six maidens of lesser years being Misses MacKee, Kent, Gordon, MacLennan, Perse and Hilda Kent. Mr. Ernest Cunningham, the groom's brother, was best man. Colonel Gordon gave away the bride. Guests to the number of sixty, relatives of the bride and groom, were present at this charmingly pretty wedding, among whom was Miss Marion Barker, cousin of the bride, who went down on Monday from here. Miss Barker wore a white silk skirt and bodice of flowered pink and white organdie with green ribbons, and large leghorn hat with roses and white wings. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham were given a reception at the residence of Mrs. Rykert Kent, Somersley House, where the daintiest of breakfasts was served and the beautiful wedding gifts displayed. The bride and groom left for a tour in the States, and will on their return take up their residence in Kingston.

Mr. Sim Samuels, who has been on a most enjoyable ten days' fishing cruise, is home again.

Mrs. A. M. Woodhouse of 20 Seaton street has returned from a fortnight's visit in Georgetown, and is quite recovered from her recent illness.

Miss Frances World and Miss Marietta La Dell met with an enthusiastic reception in Winnipeg the other evening. These young ladies, under the chaperonage of Mrs. World, are going to California and the Southern States on a concert tour, and we shall not see them back for some time. Miss Jean Forsythe, Winnipeg's soprano, played for Miss World's song and Miss La Dell's Minuet recitation.

People are beginning to come back from England in scores, and from the lakes and the seaside our wanderers return daily. I hear quite a number of new people will take up house here this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Lawson (nee Fensom) have returned from their wedding tour and have taken up their residence at 16 Sussex avenue. Mrs. Lawson will be at home on Thursdays in September.

Mrs. and the Misses Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Holmsted and Miss Holmsted, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips and their party, Mrs. S. H. Blake and Mr. Henry Osborne, have returned from various points where summer is pleasantly passed.

Mr. and Mrs. Grace are the happy parents of a small daughter, whose arrival met a more earnest welcome than even the first baby often gets. Mrs. Grace is doing well and Papa Grace is radiant.

The engagement of Miss Blossom Thompson to Mr. George E. Turner of New York has been announced. The marriage will take place in New York in September.

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## Social and Personal.

Tuesday afternoon was an ideal hour of bright golden sunshine for the opening ceremonies of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. Everyone was there promptly at two o'clock, and everyone felt amply rewarded for their attendance by more than the glories of the Fair when the Government House carriage drove up with His Honor Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, and the little son of the house, Master Eric, all looking as bright and happy as possible. "Why don't you cheer?" demanded an excited on-looker as the Governor stepped up on the platform with as *debonair* and merry an air as of old. "Hang it, cheer yourself if you like; I can't, I'm so glad to see him," said the other, and a real hush of surprise and pleasure was in the air as the popular Lieutenant-Governor shook hands with the President, Mr. Withrow, the Premier and his lady, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, and a few others on the flag-draped platform. Right bright and well did he look with his purple Jubilee tie and his fine manly figure, and it is hard to believe he has suffered so much and so recently. Everywhere one heard the remark, "Isn't it fine to have him out again and looking so well!" and it is easily seen that Sir George and his welfare are close to the hearts of Toronto's people. Mr. President Withrow read the address to Lady Kirkpatrick, thanking her for her condescension in attending to open the Exhibition, which in this "woman's year" it was meet should be set *en train* by her hand. Then a lovely and fragrant bouquet of American Beauty roses and ferns was presented to her ladyship, and the Premier read her neat little words of reply, in a clear, ringing voice. Lady Kirkpatrick then leaned forward and touched the electric button, and immediately a doleful squall of whistles came from all the Machinery and other halls, giving answer to her smiling announcement that the Exhibition was open. The Government House party, the Premier and Mrs. Hardy, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan then took their seats in the Governor's box in the grand stand, which was draped in bright bunting and adorned with flags and shields with the Royal Arms and the Canadian emblems. The Exhibition Band played, the various shows began, of which the prize fight by the Midgits at once and easily took first place. The Historical Victorian *tableaux vivants* were shown, and the march past of the Queen's Jubilee escort, with Her Imperial Majesty in a carriage, white sunshade and all, was the closing sensation. Naturally, the first day's performance was more in the nature of a dress rehearsal, and it was wildly funny to see the Archbishop in all his glory topped off with a brown Christie hat, and various other revelations bobbing in and out before the *tableaux* were arranged. St. Paul's is splendid, and if the shade of Sir Christopher Wren doesn't gape at the celerity with which it was run into shape, there is no doubt he wasn't around to see it. Rubber men and acrobats were very well received, and the air resounded with hilarity when the Midgits and their trainers were on deck. Their act is quite the funniest we have ever had on Exhibition grand stage. Beautiful Josephine, Cargill's clever mare, trotted and paced alone as cunningly as if steered by the prince of drivers. In her white gearing, with ribbons flying and her lovely bay coat shining like a mirror, she flashed by again and again and was greeted with uproarious cheers. She slackens up when she has done her mile, and turns about with intelligence quite wonderful. Among the many smart persons who were to be seen on the grand stand or strolling on the lovely sod were: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. Hugh and Mrs. Bessie Macdonald, Mr. Burritt, Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Amelius Jarvis, Miss Edie Jarvis, Mr. and Miss Scott, Miss Buck, the Misses Langmuir, Mrs. and the Misses Cattaneach, Hon. and Mrs. Dryden, Mr. Leonce de Monticourt Melles, Miss Allan, Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. and Mrs. David Walker, Mrs. Moffatt, Mr. Amelius Baldwin, Mrs. and Miss Arthurs, Mrs. Creelman and Miss Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. Nattress, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. Beardmore of Chudleigh and Miss Beardmore, Mrs. and Miss Evelyn Cox, Major and Mrs. Greville-Harston, Mrs. John Cawthra and Miss Cawthra, and Mr. Castell Hopkins.

Simplicity sometimes is very fetching. The other evening at a swell reception one of our most beautiful and generally dashing women made an impression in a pretty little white muslin frock, exquisitely crisp and fresh, her hair simply dressed, and every suspicion of a twinkle banished from her eyes. It was delicious.

A pretty little figure at Mrs. Ryerson's tea was Mrs. James Crowther, in royal blue with velvet bolero and cream lace. By the way, good looks come honestly to this dainty lady, as anyone would remark who saw her mother, Mrs. Castle, on the lawn that day—a handsome old lady, in her quiet black gown and widow's veil.

The last of the Yacht Club dances went with great *clat* last Monday evening, a very large party being over and the dancing being kept up with great *verve*. The Club launch carried over a couple of parties for dinner, and several other diners were also in the *salon* when the seven o'clock chimes floated across from old St. James' tower. The view from the club-house tower was rarely beautiful, the sunset being very bright and clear, and the lagoons and marshy edges of the Island being a perfect picture in the fading light. Among those who dined there on Monday were: Mr. and Mrs. Chaffe, Miss Black, Mr. Leonce Melles, Miss Olive Drayton, Mrs. Denison, Miss Chaffe and Mr. Bedlington, who were the guests of Mr. Frank McLean; the Commodore and Mrs. Jarvis *tele-a-tete*, a jolly party of clubmen who dined downstairs, Mr. Harry McMillan, Mrs. Walker of Montreal and a couple of small parties of six or so. About nine the rooms began to fill, and in very short order what will be remembered as the beauty quadrille was formed. Nowhere has such a charming galaxy of pretty girls been seen this summer as at these Yacht Club dances. The usual belles were present on Monday, and several welcome visitors from the sunny South on their way home after a Muskoka summer. Mr. Leonce Melles, the cele-

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brated Austrian violinist, who has been taking a quiet rest in Toronto for some weeks, was soon a popular addition to many a pleasant circle. The orchestra good-naturedly responded to triple encores, and everyone was sorry to hear the last warning toot of the Hiawatha at 11.15. The Yacht Club and its courteous officers have the thanks of a great many for a dozen delightful evenings, and may rest assured that their kindness in rendering the Club accessible to so many this season will be remembered with much gratitude.

A very funny episode of the coming generation's way of noticing things came to my ears this week. A little maid of four, who was present at an interview between her mamma and the cook, at which the lady was worsted, was scolded shortly after by mamma for some sin of omission or commission. Drawing herself up to her full height of three feet nothing, the mite said carelessly, "Well, if I'm not suiting you I'll leave at the end of me month!"

The engagement of Dr. Gibson of Government

House, Ottawa, and Miss Carey, daughter of Rev. George Carey, D.D., of St. John, New Brunswick, is announced. Miss Carey is a cousin of Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, with whom she has been on a visit for some weeks at Clover Hill.

The Hanlan's Point war canoe, which has carried a merry crowd on each dance-night to Center Island, and was such a feature of the tournament, was then manned (and womaned) by the following party: Messrs. Harry Darrell, Ed. Wedd, N. Darrell, T. Wedd, T. Wade, W. Lamont, Geo. Lamont, Gerald Wade (cockswain), and the Misses Garvin, Mrs. Garvin of New York, Mrs. Wedd, Mrs. Ellis, Miss Donna Lamont, Miss Lamont, Mrs. Lamont, and Mrs. H. F. Darrell.

Miss Carman, an accomplished vocalist of St. Kits who sings in a Buffalo choir, was a passenger on the Persia to and from Montreal last week and gave freely some lovely songs to the pleased circle of passengers. They much enjoyed the treat.

Mrs. Laurie and her family, of 990 Dorchester street, Montreal, have returned home after a delightful summer at Long Branch.

Invitations were out this week for the marriage of Captain Arthur Thomas Kirkpatrick and Miss Mary Frances Homer-Dixon. The ceremony takes place on Wednesday next at three o'clock at St. James' cathedral, with a reception afterward at The Grange, which Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith will give for their niece.

Dr. and Mrs. Bottomley left Liawhaden on Thursday of last week for a trip through the Rockies to Vancouver. The doctor and his wife left with many kind words for Toronto. "It has indeed taken our hearts with all its beautiful welcome and true kindness; we have enjoyed ourselves immensely," is what these charming visitors say.

Many persons will recall the sad death of beautiful Mathilde Chopitea, of typhoid fever, some years ago, just after her *debut*, and when many persons were talking of her charm and loveliness. Madame Chopitea then had all the sympathies of her friends, and such friends will extend renewed condolence to the loving mother when they hear that she yesterday buried her remaining daughter, little Alicia, whose remains were laid beside her beautiful sister in St. Michael's. Mrs. Chopitea is staying with her old friend, Mrs. Scales of Wellington place.

Mr. A. R. Creelman left this week for England. Miss Walton, Mrs. Creelman's charming guest, has returned to her home in the South.

A very good Hungarian band plays in the Main Building during the Exhibition. That clever Viennese who adorned all our watch dials with monograms last year, has his little artist's table on the main floor, just west of the south door, and has brought his bride to the Exhibition this year. An equally clever metal engraver works in the west gallery, and many watch his performance as he decorates bangles, hearts and shields with various devices. Just inside the main entrance weary women enjoy a fine cup of tea in exquisite china cups, while the arrangement of the entire exhibits in this vast hall seems to me better done than usual.

A cottager writes me that the cottagers' weekly hops at Long Branch this summer have been most successful and enjoyable, particularly the crowd who come from town and the same ones who may be seen regularly. Last Friday being known as the last, a large number turned out. Amongst the young people who seemed to be very popular I noticed: Miss Stanway, Miss Tossie McKellar, Miss Lily Jackson, Miss Lily Kent, Miss Dottie Sloan, Miss Edna Bilton, the Misses Parsons, the Misses Davidson, Miss Stone, Miss Lee, Miss Thompson, Miss Jean Baillee, Miss McLean, Miss Smith, Miss Flaws, Miss Foster, Miss Hodgins, Miss Simpson, the Misses Whyte, Miss Barrot, and Messrs. Noverre, Chadwick, Kent, Hessin, Whyte, Sloan, Slaght, Morrison, Donaldson, Carlyle, Hendry, Jackson, Bourne, Hill, McLean, Baillee, Harmer, Somerville, Brown, Breen and Dill. Also a private hop was held last Saturday night, the pavilion being beautifully decorated, whilst Gilonna furnished the music. Also a large number of the above mentioned went out and enjoyed themselves.

One of the genial visitors of last month who made many new friends, though in some cases the renewal of friendships formed here years ago was also enjoyed, was Hon. Sir Charles Freemantle of the British mint. With a keen sense of humor and a thoroughly happy and boyish enjoyment of life, this well known man belies his whitening beard, and, if, as the wise saying has it, "A man is as old as he feels," is yet quite a juvenile. Perhaps the absence of the *biase* type among our jolly visitors struck one more than anything.

Miss Daisy Silliman has returned home after spending a long vacation with her sister, Mrs. Fenfold of Buffalo, N.Y.

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## A Problem in Love

By D. D. SQUIRES  
IN  
The Wave.

NEVER was quite able to understand the peculiar way in which the divine passion manifested itself in the case of Blobbles. The problems of Euclid are a rippling stream of light compared to the dismal and impenetrable mystery surrounding his blind and immeasurable love for Mrs. Blobbles.

What he ever saw in her person or perceived in her intellect to excite the unreasoning regard for her which he entertained, and of the outward signs of which he made no concealment, I have always been unable to imagine. She had red hair, an eye on the bias, a nose out of plumb, false and fraudulent teeth, a complexion, the spotted and unhealthy character of which powder and rouge were inadequate to conceal, and was reputed to wear padding on divers portions of her person in order to give her anatomy a certain plumpness which it naturally did not possess.

Mrs. Pidwillie, the bereaved widow of a son of Blobbles' elder sister, once told me in confidence that when Mrs. Blobbles dissected herself for the purpose of retiring at night, by far the greater portion of her was distributed about the chairs of her boudoir. The competency of this lady to testify rested upon the fact, I may remark, that she claimed to have put the smaller portion of Mrs. Blobbles to bed one night when that person had been taken suddenly ill. But Mrs. Pidwillie was an incorrigible gossip, and her statements concerning Mrs. Blobbles must be accepted with caution. She had tried after the death of her husband to win Blobbles herself.

I have said that Blobbles was madly in love with Mrs. Blobbles. This remark scarcely expresses the measure of his affection. His regard for her seemed to be blind and boundless. This was all the more remarkable for the reason that, while Mrs. Blobbles was as homely as a hedge fence and correspondingly as ignorant—in fact, her ignorance was simply appalling—Blobbles himself was a handsome, cultivated and intelligent fellow.

Mrs. Blobbles could read only with the most painful effort, and could write only by thrusting out her tongue and twisting her head in an agonizing fashion. Her orthography was something frightful, and her spelling of the simplest words calculated to produce mental strabismus. Blobbles, on the other hand, was finely educated—a writer of some ability, and a musician of note.

To a conversationalist of his attainments social intercourse with a person of Mrs. Blobbles' powers must, under ordinary circumstances, have been simply intolerable—but in the blindness of his love her opaque mind was to him her greatest charm.

"My dear boy," he said to me one day, "she is as innocent as a lamb. The very things you see in her to reprehend are to me proof positive that the little darling is fresh from Heaven."

Considering that Mrs. Blobbles was nearly six feet in height and resembled a kangaroo in general contour, this was exceedingly refreshing. But it was about all the satisfaction I ever extracted from Blobbles.

There was, however, one exceedingly strange thing about this eccentric lady. Although densely ignorant and incapable of understanding the significance of ordinary language, she was the most sensitive creature I have ever seen. Every word uttered in her presence, to her dim comprehension, was designed to insult her. This mental peculiarity was not confined to the discovery of flaws in the remarks of Blobbles' friends, but Blobbles himself often came in for an uncomfortable dressing down.

I remember that on one occasion he composed a comic refrain from a bit of doggerel which he had found in an old magazine. He was an accomplished musician and possessed a genius for setting witty things to music. The verses ran something like this:

He was a man of giant frame,  
And muscles wrought of steel,  
Antaeus, Atlas, Hercules,  
Did ne'er such strength reveal.  
He could uproot a giant oak  
With little strain or fuss;  
Hold out in either hand a full  
Grown hippopotamus.

He'd swim across the sea and towed  
A frigate in his wake,  
He could, when healthy, tear in shreds  
A hotel sirloin steak.  
And yet, poor man, he met one day  
A task that took his life,  
He grew o'er-confident and went  
A-shopping with his wife.

Blobbles drew up these verses, set them to appropriate music, and dedicated them to Mrs. Blobbles. One evening when I dined with him he presented them to her with a few remarks that abounded with affection and that ought to have delighted the heart of the sourest wife on earth.

But Mrs. Blobbles had detected in the rhymes the usual covert insult. She took the manuscript in her hand, and with some difficulty, made out the concluding line. I saw Blobbles' face blanch. The explosion came the next moment.

With rising anger she declared that the reference to shopping was a satire upon her disposition to prolong her excursions in search of good bargains. This was certainly the case because Blobbles had often lectured her upon her passion for shopping. If not, why had he written such a song and dedicated it to her—who never sang a note in her life?

It was useless for Blobbles to deny it. This was not the first time he had invited a friend to his home to witness the humiliation of his wife. He was a scoundrel and a brute, unfit to be the husband of a faithful woman; and, bursting into a flood of tears, she flew from the room.

Blobbles was speechless. He sat for some moments gazing blankly at the ceiling. Then he ejaculated:

"Well, I'm d—d!"

This seemed to appropriately describe the situation, and, after congratulating Blobbles upon having expressed my opinion exactly, I hastily made my escape. Even the excellent

dinner which the unfortunate fellow had provided for my entertainment, did not tempt me to remain and witness his painful attempt at reconciliation. I could well relegate to the domain of imagination the details of the night that Blobbles must have passed.

When next I met him I said: "Blobbles, excuse me, but in my opinion you are an egregious ass."

"Thank you," was his only reply.

On another occasion, I remember, Blobbles gave a dinner to his friend, Billfinger. At first I resisted the invitation. I suggested in a jocular way that perhaps Mrs. Blobbles would again get insulted—she seemed to be so affected whenever I came into her presence—but Blobbles replied that she was now enjoying a season of remarkable composure, and that nothing could possibly arise to make her angry. So, finally, much against my judgment, I accepted and accompanied him home.

Billfinger, I found, was a highly developed type of the *genus* mutton-head. Big, coarse, ignorant, phlegmatic, he was the last man in the world I should ever have associated with Blobbles as a friend. The latter informed me afterward, however, that he was an old acquaintance of Mrs. Blobbles, and for her sake only he tolerated him.

Although not in possession of this information then, I noticed that during the dinner Mrs. Blobbles regarded Billfinger with an interest she was evidently endeavoring to conceal. She anticipated his every wish, hung eagerly upon the few idiotic remarks he made, which, however, were only dragged from him by Blobbles' repeated requests for his opinion upon topics being discussed, and when we went for the coffee and cigars, I saw her covertly light one and hand it to him.

Blobbles and I had been discussing the effect of travel upon the minds of men—a subject that appeared to be a deep mystery to both Mrs. Blobbles and Billfinger.

"It was Lord Bacon," facetiously remarked Blobbles as he concluded the discussion, "who said that 'reading maketh the learned man, speaking the ready man, and writing the exact man.' That is excellent, but the group would have been more complete had he added, 'and traveling maketh the busted man.'"

Mrs. Blobbles pricked up her ears instantly. My heart sprang into my throat. Could it be possible that Blobbles had again insulted her? "I suppose," she said with rising anger, "that you refer to our last trip to Los Angeles. I think you'd ought to be ashamed to twit me of that again."

I saw Blobbles was in for it once more. His face turned pale, and he began:

"My dear—"

But it was useless. Mrs. Blobbles' temper again asserted itself. She would hear no explanation. Blobbles had insulted her in the presence of her guests, and in a flood of tears she swept from the room. Blobbles was, to all intents and purposes, paralyzed.

But Billfinger evidently sympathized with and upheld the insulted lady, for he gave Blobbles a savage look and followed her into the drawing-room, from whence the dismal sounds of her constantly increasing sob reached our ears. I found my hat and coat and bolted from the house, leaving Blobbles staring at the seat vacated by his wife more dead than alive.

I did not again meet Blobbles for over a week, but when I did he seemed as cheerful as ever. After some talk I referred guardedly to the dinner, but as the subject seemed to be a painful one, I did not press him to tell me how he had managed to mollify Mrs. Blobbles.

Several days later he informed me that the *entente cordiale* had again been established at his residence and that I was at liberty to call.

"Blobbles," I said, "I have encountered idiocy in my time, but the sublimity of your idiocy passes my comprehension."

"You are quite frank," he rejoined. "Please tell me why you entertain this opinion of my intellectual attainments."

"Blobbles, had I not been your friend and brother all my life, I should have you examined for transportation to the Home for the Feeble-Minded. Your infatuation for that woman is a freak of nature and can only be accounted for on the theory that your brain is softening."

"Mrs. Blobbles? Why, what is the matter with her?"

"Well, why don't you send her to school? She doesn't know anything."

"She's too old, my dear fellow. Besides, it is I who love her."

"Yes, I know you think you love her, but I disbelieve it."

"Oh, my dear fellow, you cannot understand. In your breast the divine passion has no place. You are cold and calculating. You give no rein to your feelings. When you have once traversed the mysterious ground—"

"Bosh, Blobbles, bosh."

For two months after this Blobbles and I maintained a sepulchral silence upon the subject of Mrs. Blobbles. He invited me to dine at his house on three different occasions, but I made my excuses and evaded him. Finally, he came to my office one day and declared that he would take me by force. Then I flatly and emphatically informed him that if he persisted in dragging me out to his residence I should appeal to the police for protection. "Blobbles," I said, "under no circumstances whatever will I ever dine at your house again. I know, thank heaven, when I have had enough. You shall never have another opportunity to insult your wife in my presence."

Blobbles was not offended. He was never offended at anything I said to him about Mrs. Blobbles. He argued awhile to change my determination, and finally went away with a declaration that I was both foolish and unreasonable.

The next morning he came tearing into my office like a crazy man. His eyes were bloodshot, his hair uncombed, his complexion pale, and his clothes and linen soiled and crumpled.

I was amazed.

"Great Heavens, old man," I managed to ejaculate, "what is the matter?"

He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. I shook him.

"Blobbles, what is the matter? For Heaven's sake tell me."

"She—"

"Who? Mrs. Blobbles?"

"Yes."

"What has she been doing? On a tear again?"

"No, no," he sobbed. "She's dead—suicide."

I felt greatly relieved. The fact that she had developed sufficient sense to commit suicide at once elevated her in my estimation. I told Blobbles so in terms which seemed to greatly injure his feelings. As I was about to apologize for my rudeness he drew from his pocket a paper upon which was written in Mrs. Blobbles' exasperating hand the following words:

BLOBBLES.—I can stand it no longer. Your brutal conduct is awful. I shall die—jump in Bay early this morning. You need not look for me. The schrimps will get me after while—they will eat me up, then You Will Be satisfied igues. your broken-hearted MARY.

I conducted Blobbles to the Turkish Bath, superintended a shampoo and the administration of a stimulant, and saw him safely at home in bed. I used all the arguments I could think of on the way to console him, and told him that until he thoroughly recovered I should take up my residence at his house. After that I sent up my friend Dr. Brown, who has treated many such cases and brought them to a successful termination. He tells me that opium is his sheet-anchor in fits of loveliness. He keeps the patient in a state of somnolence for a few days, and upon recovery the chances are ten to one that the infatuation is dead. Such is the power of forgetfulness.

Within forty-eight hours after the prostration of Blobbles, I received through the post-office the following letter:

DEAR SIR,—You may be surprised to hear from me, but I rite this by the advice of Mr. Billfinger. I could not stand blobble's abuse any longer. I prefer Mr. Billfinger. blobbles thinks I kilt myself. But He Neednt Follo me. Befor You Gett This We shal be in los angeles. from ther we're goin tu Ni York. shal Never Return to Kaliforny.

Yours truly, MRS. BLOBBLES.

I have not yet mustered up sufficient courage to exhibit this epistle to Blobbles. I know that if I do he will pursue Billfinger and kill him. Really, from a psychical standpoint, I am inclined to think Billfinger is adapted to make Mrs. Blobbles happy. He certainly does not possess sufficient sense to insult her. Why should I interfere and have him killed? So long as Blobbles thinks her dead, he can only nurse his unaccountable passion, and perhaps after a time it will perish.

I do not think I shall ever acquaint him with the peridy of his wife. The papers have written her up as the victim of domestic infelicity and her own rash act, and it is well enough to let Blobbles continue to think the schrimps have her. He is happier than he would be if he thought Billfinger had her.

### A Word to Young Novelists.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* in a recent editorial, noting the large sales that such wholesome stories as *Sentimental Tommy*, *King Noonan*, *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, and *Kate Carnegie* have had this year, makes this very pertinent side remark to young authors: Young writers—and there are legions of them—would do well to remember that if they wish to make their stories and novels immortal they must first of all make them healthy. The popularity of disease is never lasting. The literary crazes of the last five years show, indeed, that disease sometimes exercises an unholy fascination, but sooner or later the spell will be broken, and readers will scent the corruption and turn from it in disgust.

The reason for this is not far to seek. The majority of men and women wish to take as hopeful a view of life as possible. They like to think well of their kind, to believe that men are brave and that women are pure. They want to feel that somehow good will be the final goal of ill, that the wicked will not triumph nor the righteous be overthrown. They go to fiction to have these beliefs confirmed, to have these hopes fulfilled. This does not imply that fiction should be melodramatic, that it should not be true to life. It can be true to the facts of life and yet be instinct with the spirit of hopefulness and with the spirit of sweet reasonableness.

### Where Will You Spend . . .

#### . . . Your Winter Vacation?

Why not take a run down to OLD MEXICO? All of the novelty of a trip to the Old World; something new at every turn. The City of Mexico is now a recognized Winter Resort. The average temperature during the winter months is about 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Fine shady bicycle roads to historic points of interest hundreds of years old.

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### At Nine King Street West.

"Meet me at Muller's." This is the trite saying that makes Muller's the place of meeting for gentlemen who desire to make appointments. It's a capital place for downtown meetings, and G. W. Muller requests that all who may desire to share his parlors and smoking rooms at their convenience.

### Parents Must Have Rest.

A president of one of our colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now. We use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly removes pulmonary troubles."

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### Metallic Cheese

Canadian Gazette.

Canadian cheese has long been noted for its purity and excellence. It is, therefore, with no small amount of surprise that we read the following note in the *St. James's Gazette*:

Metallic cheese is a discovery of the public analyst of Sheffield. It is a compound liberally fortified with crystallized sulphate of zinc, which enables a "round" of cheese to preserve for a long period a fresh and youthful complexion, no unsightly cracks and swellings appearing on its surface to excite the suspicions of timid buyers. The zinc preparation is known in the trade as cheese spice—a title as little warranted as it would be to call a handful of tin tacks shrimp sauce or salad dressing. It appears that in Canada—where the filled cheese comes from—it is the practice of unscrupulous dealers to use metallic lead for the above purpose—a fact to which attention has also been directed, and which should prove especially interesting to people anxious to avoid a heavy diet.

The assertion that Canada is the place "where the filled cheese comes from" is, of course, absolutely untrue. There is, moreover, a law in Canada prohibiting the importation, manufacture and export of filled cheese. There is also a law preventing its adulteration. Canada now sends more cheese to the United Kingdom than all the rest of the world put together, and Canadian cheese brings a higher price than any other imported cheese of the same kind. So much confidence is felt in Canada as to the good qualities of Canadian cheese that last year the Dominion House of Commons passed an Act providing that from January 1 next all cheese made in Canada is to be branded "Canadian."

### Delegates to Moscow Medical Congress

Visit the Hunyadi Janos Springs.

The following cablegram was received at the New York office from Budapest: "I had a visit at the springs to-day from leading medical men of the United States, returning from the Greco-Turkish war, and now going as American delegates to the Medical Congress to be held in Moscow. On this occasion Prof. Senn, Chicago; Dr. Daniel B. Brower, Chicago; Dr. Lucy Waite, Chicago; F. M. Lloyd, New York; Prof. G. R. Fowler, Brooklyn, W. H. Forwood, Washington; W. F. Southard, editor of the *Pacific Medical Journal* and United States Consul at Budapest, Frank Dyer Chester, have made a close inspection of the establishment, and given expression of their entire satisfaction regarding our plant in general, and the process of drawing and bottling the Hunyadi Janos Water especially." SAXLEHNER.

### True to His Bringing Up.

A writer in the *Independent* has discovered something rare—a donkey boy in Cairo with a sense of the ideal. Most boys of his profession are a good-natured lot, but few are the vices they cannot teach. Little Hassan, on the contrary, seems to have principles, and is quietly staunch in his adherence to them.

Once he refused a cigarette, says the traveler, and in my surprise I almost lost my balance.

"What! Not Smoke, Hassan?" said I. "I thought all the donkey boys smoked."

"I don't," said Hassan, who looked about eleven, was short, very brown, very scantily dressed, quite dirty, had only one eye and trotted behind the donkey with rounded shoulders and head craned forward. "I don't. If I did, my family would beat me, and quite right, too."

"But who are you, and who are your family?" I asked.

"Ah!" he said proudly, "we are Sudanese. In the Sudan we are strict. To smoke, to use wine, to drink coffee, not to pray—these are shameful things; and if a man does anything impure they hang him to a tree with his face toward the sun."

### A Mystery Solved.

Harper's Monthly.

Not so many years ago in England there was a country legal practitioner whose greatest ambition was to see his only son become a minister of the church, and having scraped together a fair share of this world's goods, he purchased the advowson of a country parish church. In due course of time the son, a jovial, kind-hearted fellow, passed his university examination, and thereupon became entitled to sign after his name S.C.L. (i.e., Scholar of Civil Law), until the degree of B.A. was attained, which latter, however, he never took the trouble to assume. Soon after entering on his parish duties he became a universal favorite, and was in constant demand for charity sermons or addresses in various places, and announcements of such were posted conspicuously around. Two rustic one day scanned one of these posters, which informed the public that on a certain forthcoming Sunday a sermon would be preached by the Rev. W. Greenway, S.C.L. These letters puzzled their brains for some time, each having his own idea as to their meaning, until one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"I have it, Bill. I know his father well. Them letters mean 'Son of a Country Lawyer.'"

### Worth Seeing.

A pleasant and unusual street scene in Philadelphia is sketched by the *Record*. A tandem pair of cyclists with only one pair of arms and legs between them was the sight which greeted Broad street promenaders yesterday. The two men rode a fine tandem wheel of the latest model, and whizzed along Broad street as smoothly and gracefully as you please.

The man in front had but one hand to steer with, but that was a good right one, and his left leg seemed to bring plenty of power to bear upon the pedal. The other man's right arm and left leg were missing, but the remaining limbs supplied his needs. Although between them they only had the number of limbs which the average cyclist upon a single wheel requires to keep him going, they beat many sturdy rivals who tried to keep up with them.

### A Choice of Habits.

"I hear that Rev. Mr. Blanko is about to marry again—this will be his fourth wife."

"Is that the Blanko who is such a strong temperance man?"

"Yes."

"Well, I would have more respect for him if he took more drinks and fewer wives."

Now that Adelaide street west is having a new pavement laid, it may be expected that an increasing amount of business will be done upon it and that traffic will be diverted from other streets. On the second floor of SATURDAY NIGHT Building there is a large room suited for an office or commission business. If you think of moving with the tide, consult the business manager of SATURDAY NIGHT about it.

Dora—Jack, who was that lady with your father? I didn't know you had a sister. Jack—Oh, that one isn't a sister. That's father's step-wife!

The Captain (boisterously)—Come, old man, brace up! What's got into you? Passenger—If you don't put me ashore you'll very soon see—Life.

"Poor, motherless girl!" he exclaimed, and turned sadly away. What he wanted was a motherless girl who should be in moderate circumstances, at least.—Puck.

She—Oh, James, how grand the sea is. How wonderful. I do so like to hear the roar of the ocean. He—So do I, Elizabeth. Please keep quiet.—Lustigen Blätter.

Mr. Gotrox—What would you expect me to do for my daughter if you married her? George (gooding (slightly embarrassed)—You—er—wouldn't be willing to die for her, would you?—Judge.

Weary Willie—If you had a million dollars, Fields, would you do it with it? Fields—W-y, I wouldn't do nut'n' wit' it—I'd jest rest easy and let it do nut'n' wit' me.—Truth.

"Paw," asked the little boy, "what is a brain-worker?" "A brain-worker," said the old man, "is a man who has to spend all his salary in dressing up to the position he holds."—Typographical Journal.

Isaacstein—Dot was a queer t'ing vot happened to Rosenbaum's shote. Dere was a purgery undt a shmal fire der same night. Cohenstein—Yes; Rosenbaum toldt me dot he came outt schoot even.—Puck.

Phyllis accidentally discovered a doll that her mother had concealed in a trunk in readiness for the little lady's birthday. The following day at dinner she surprised the family by remarking, "I'm trying so hard to forget something I want to remember that I don't feel very hungry."

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## Fast Scoring Feats in Cricket.

THE performance of Mr. J. M. Laing on Saturday afternoon last at Rosedale in scoring 197 runs against Parkdale in less than three hours, must take rank among the "quick big scores" made in cricket. I have found an article in a recent English paper on the subject of fast scores, and give some of the most notable performances.

Amongst the most rapid run-getters the world has seen may be mentioned Bonner, Massey, Lyons and McDonnell of Australia, with C. I. Thornton, W. J. Ford, F. G. J. Ford, Vernon, O'Brien, Streetfield, Woods, Hewett and Jessop of England.

It is singular that no professional within the last decade, with perhaps the exception of Ulyett of Yorkshire, and Sugg of Lancashire, has obtained his runs at anything like the speed of the amateurs just mentioned.

If one were to ask the question: "Who is the fastest scorer ever seen in first-class cricket?" the answer would probably be G. L. Jessop of Cambridge University and Gloucester. It is, of course, difficult to fix a time standard of rapid run-getting, for the reason that one batsman may get twenty runs in one over, as Sammy Woods has done more than once, a feat which would work out at the rate of 100 runs in ten minutes. It is interesting to know that both Jessop and Woods are with the English team that will play in Toronto shortly.

But, then, this rate of run-getting cannot be kept up, for the simple reason that the batsman cannot always get the bowling. If a fast-scoring batsman hit every ball of one over to the boundary, or at least till his partner makes an odd run, so that the fast scorer may get to the bowling end.

If we say that a batsman scores 100 runs in 100 minutes, we do not mean that he has had the bowling all the time, but simply that he has been at the wicket for that period. As a matter of fact, it would be safe to say that if a batsman is at the wicket one hour he is playing the bowling for only half an hour.

So far as scoring a century is concerned, G. L. Jessop holds the record with his innings of 101 scored in forty minutes against Yorkshire at Harrogate on July 29, 1897.

Next to G. L. Jessop perhaps E. C. Streetfield holds the record for the fastest century, when, playing at Leyton for Cambridge Past and Present against the Australians in 1890, he scored 100 within the hour. His full score was 145.

A. C. MacLaren hit ten fours in three-quarters of an hour, not to mention singles and twos. On the same day that Mr. MacLaren made his ten fours, Mr. Jessop gave another brilliant display. He was at the wickets ninety-five minutes and made 126, he and Wrathall putting on ninety-nine runs in forty-five minutes. Mr. Jessop hit twenty in one over, knocking a four every time; indeed, he hit one four every five minutes for over an hour and a half.

Another piece of rapid batting was witnessed at the Oval, on July 22, in the match between Kent and Surrey, Mr. Mordaunt scoring fifty in thirty minutes.

Other fast-scoring feats have been accomplished against "time," but in these instances two batsmen have been associated, as for instance when Vernon and O'Brien won the match for Middlesex against Yorkshire at Lord's a few years ago. J. H. Scott, the Australian, once hit Saul Wade for 22 in one over, and this has probably never been exceeded for one over in first-class cricket.

POINT.

## Some New Books.

HALL CAINE'S latest book, *The Christian*, has been read with varying verdicts by a large circle of critics. The story gives a glimpse of the Isle of Man, whence start the hero and heroine for London. The subsequent development of their life takes place in that city, and incidentally gives glimpses of the worst side of everything—hospital nursing, social life, religious institutions and so on. Hall Caine has probed false pretenses deep, and laid bare many a sore that festers at the heart of things in the pathetic and awful world of London. Futile effort, balked purposes, the failures of ill-considered but would-be helpful schemes—one lays the book down with a heartsick feeling and the cry, *cui bono?* But as a clever parson remarked, "We build our way up on failures, not successes." The characters of John Storm, Glory, and good Scotch Mrs. Callender; Drake, whom some queer strength of soul just kept from being a blackguard; abominable Sir Robert and the detestable Archdeacon; all the waifs and strays of humanity, too evidently drawn from the life—these, alternating with graphic word-pictures of the race course on Derby Day, the monastic life of the brotherhood, the green-room of the play-house and the swaying impulse of uncertain human hearts, make *The Christian* a great and fascinating book. A curious resemblance in the arrangement of the climax to that of *The Deemster* will be noticed. To those who are prone to think deeply, *The Christian* is a book full of sombre and trying suggestion; to the superficial it is a tacit reproach.

Among the books of the season there is none of more interest to Canadians than that just given us by Mr. Barlow Cumberland of Toronto, *The Story of the Union Jack*. This is a history of the flag, showing how it grew, every line upon it possessing a significance. The book is particularly interesting and valuable in that it traces the development of the flag in its relation to the history of Canada, and many facts are brought out which will certainly surprise and please Canadians. Very few of us know anything about the Union Jack, but if I am not mistaken the ordinary person cannot read Mr. Cumberland's book without at once being fascinated by the study of symbols. The different ensigns, colors, standards, will become at once objects of interest. The book abounds in good reading and is a valuable work of reference on many points. It is published by William Briggs, Toronto, and will be on sale at all the leading book-stores.

Saints, Sinners and Queer People is the title of a book of stories by Mrs. Marie Edith Beynon, a Canadian who has written for the magazines, but who now publishes a book for

Back Again.  
Pick-Me-Up.

"Ave yer 'eard that Mrs. Simpson's going to call 'er new baby Swithin'?"  
"What's that for?"  
"To commemorate the long reign."

the first time. It is a collection of stories of Canadian home and country life for the most part, written with a charitable, kindly feeling for the little weaknesses of human nature. It is a strange thing but nevertheless a true one, that we like to have our failings looked upon in a spirit which belittles them, which in fact rather makes them attractive and lovable. It relieves us from the nagging persecutions conscience submits us to, and we feel that we can't be so bad after all, and that our neighbors are perhaps only but little worse than we.

The first story in the volume, *An Apostle of Hate*, is perhaps the strongest in the book. The character of "rough and ready John Hewson" is excellently done. The rough-hewn, strong-willed, bitter old man with a passion for hating those whom he considers his enemies, so fierce as to be almost a madness, is subdued in the end by a weaker character than his own in some ways, but a character strengthened by two irresistible forces, religion and love. I don't like *A Day in Castle Bohemia* so well. There is a falseness in the ring of the Bohemianism of the Wilson family, and while the author has attempted to make them clever and unusual, she has only drawn a picture of a rather affected, unnatural lot of people. Nanny is another strong story well told. It is a tale of a tragedy in the life of an old couple and their daughter, and at the point where the mother's love triumphs over the father's sternness it reaches an unusually intense climax. Others of the saints, sinners and queer people met with in the book are *The Accused* and a *Pessimist*, *Two Men* and a *Madonna*, *The Old-fashioned Preacher*, *Mrs. Chester*, and *The Matrimonial Confidence Club*. The volume is bound very attractively in cloth, is published by Robert Lewis Weed Company of New York, and sells at seventy-five cents.

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

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JULY, 1897

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## Winners of Gold Watches

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Miss Annie Gander, 56 West Lodge Ave., Toronto.

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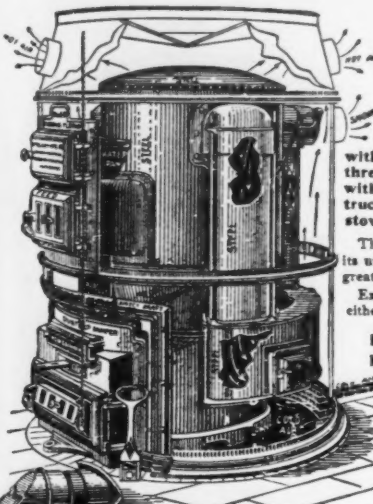
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VOL. XI TORONTO, SEPT. 4, 1897 [No. 42]

## Saturday Night Out of Town.

Wherever you go for vacation you can have "Saturday Night" mailed to you. To any address in Canada or the United States, 20c. a month; to foreign addresses, 25c. a month. Ask your newsdealer or write to this office.

## The Drama.

THE BROWNIES, this season's opening attraction for the Grand, was put on last Saturday to run over through this week. When the Brownies were here two seasons ago the Brownie fad was at its height and the opera scored an immense success. Two extra performances were given on account of the fact that a Montreal theater had been pronounced unsafe and dates cancelled, and both drew crowds as big as had filled the house all week. Since then we have been deluged with new comic opera, good, bad and indifferent, besides having a lot of the standard shows and revivals of pieces considered old. The American Beauty, The Artist's Model, Brian Boru, The Merry World, The Mandarin, The Wizard of the Nile, Lady Slavey and the Geisha are among the organizations that have been here since, and I wondered if the Brownies' popularity would suffer. I find the music of the latter for the most part insipid myself, after the Geisha, while the book is not up to The Mandarin in many ways. Of the American comic operas in general, as put on here for the last season or two, I think Robin Hood is the best musically, while scenically The Brownies is second to none. As gorgeous scenery is the principal part of a comic opera nowadays, The Brownies therefore retains its hold and has been filling the Grand Opera House to the roof all week.

Amy Hartly as Queen Titania had the task of holding what there is of pretty sentiment and daintiness in the piece entirely upon her own shoulders at times, everybody else having for the nonce dropped into the variety business. She managed this well and made an exceedingly taking thing in queens. I think neither she nor Eva Tanguay, who takes Prince Florimel, was with the show when it was here before. I fancy I recognize Miss Tanguay as one of the soubrettes in The Merry World. Why is it thought necessary that women should take the part of fairy princes, Chinese dukes, and other such gentlemen? I think a tenor makes a better hero in distress than a soprano or alto. Eva Tanguay is very fetching, however, and being a most handsome, dashing young person, is consequently a prime favorite with that indispensable portion of the audience which buys the tickets—the men. Gertie Carlyle as Dame Drusilda is also a different damsel from her who took the role two seasons ago. She proved a very versatile and clever young singer, dancer and actress.

Bessie Bonehill, who will be seen at the Toronto Opera House next week as the "Little Count of Monte Cristo," has a part that suits her "down to the ground." This season is the first time this vivacious comedienne has appeared in burlesque in America outside of New York city. Although this production, which will be given at the Toronto Opera House next week, is announced as a burlesque, it should not in any way be confounded with those alleged burlesque companies who barnstorm through the country under the titles of somebody's "blondes" or "gaiety girls," etc. Little Monte Cristo is one of the most expensive, artistic, spectacular, scenic productions to leave New York this season. The music, at least the greater part of it, is by Reginald De Kevon. The dialogue is replete with satire and wit, and the piece abounds in topical songs, comic situations and complications. The chorus is large, and their voices are well trained. They are also thoroughly drilled in a number of intricate and beautiful marches. The usual matinees will be given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Miss Margaret Mather will appear at the Grand the last half of next week, Sept. 9, 10 and 11, in a scenic production of Cymbeline, which is said to rival any similar production of this piece ever put upon the stage, and to stand on a par with the magnificent mountings presented by Sir Henry Irving. We are told that in her version of Cymbeline there are six acts and eighteen scenes. The third act alone has six changes of setting; one scene which has caused considerable comment is the bed-chamber of Imogen. This is a sumptuous room hung with tapestries in silk and silver thread and ornamented with an



MARGARET MATHER  
As "Imogen."

antique lamp, which throws its dim shadows all around the room. The bed, which stands at one side, is an elegant piece of furniture and is covered with an old-gold silk spread, its drapings in many places reaching to the floor. Another scene of unusual interest is that of the battle, with its rocky elevations and its overturned Roman chariot, with the horses still attached, lying in the center of the stage. This forms one of the most vivid and striking pictures of the present production.

The Queen's Own will give a Burlesque Military Tournament in the Armories on the evening of October 4. There will be a musical ride by the Royal Irish Lancers on hobby-horses, a Victoria Cross competition by the same corps, a competitive cook's parade by the different companies of the Queen's Own, and a general musical programme.

Miss Pauline Johnson and Mr. Owen A. Smiley leave to-day for the Pacific coast and California, via the C. P. R. They have been appointed special correspondents of *Black and White* and the *Ludgate Magazine* of London, Eng., and will also write articles en tour for *Harper's*, *Rudder*, *Sail and Paddle*, the *Buffalo Express* and the *Toronto Globe*.

The Thomas Q. Seabrooke Opera Company will appear at the Grand Opera House Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in a new three-act musical comedy entitled *Papa Gougou*, by J. Chieffer Goodwin, Charles A. Byrne and William Furst. It is adapted and reconstructed from the French. The Seabrooke Opera Company is under the management of Mr. Whitney, and is a new organization.

Following the Seabrooke Opera Company at the Grand there will come for the last three nights of the week Margaret Mather in the opening presentation of *Cymbeline*. Margaret Mather will also remain for the first half of the following week, September 13, 14 and 15, playing on the respective dates Leah, The Honey Moon, and Romeo and Juliet. This will mean a fine week of drama.

## SPORTING COMMENT

The team of English cricketers who sail for New York next week, and who during their tour will visit Toronto, are undoubtedly a powerful aggregation, the absence of professional talent notwithstanding. That both Lord Hawke and W. L. Murdoch have in turn found themselves unable to come is to be deplored, but while it is a matter for regret that we shall not have an opportunity of witnessing that polished exponent of the English national game in the person of the ex-captain of the Anglo-Australian teams, whose energetic labors have afforded a new impetus to Sussex cricket, it is, perhaps, just as well that a member of the House of Lords will not, as on his previous visit, have to run the gauntlet of the scurrilous insulting concoctions and fantastical puerilities we can only associate with the *griffonneurs* of the United States press. The team, the captaincy of which will now devolve on P. F. Warner, consists of several really first-class batsmen; their forte, however, lies in the attack, even if their performances on paper appear shabby, owing to a season wherein the bat has consistently triumphed over the ball, and with bowlers of such prowess as Woods, Jessop, Cunliffe, Townsend and Bardswell, all of whom have been called upon to represent the amateurs in the annual matches of Gentlemen vs. Players, they should on no occasion be tied up for want of efficient trundlers.

Warner, to whom the character of skipper must be something of a novelty, hails from Port of Spain, Trinidad, is an old Rugby boy, and only just missed his "blue" at Oxford. An exceptionally steady and pretty bat, as is proved by his generally opening the Middlesex innings, he is also a clean field. Sammy Woods, who is no stranger here, is a native of the antipodes, and assisted the Australians in

England on more than one occasion. When at Cambridge he for three successive years led the Light Blues into the field against the sister 'varsity, and he at present holds the captaincy of the Somersetshire County eleven. With "Monkey" Hornby, A. E. Stoddart and G. E. McGregor, he shares the distinction of having gained his International "cap" both in cricket and football field, a distinction as rare as it is unique. For the last two or three years he has, owing to an injured knee, been unable to bowl at the lightning pace for which he was some time so famed, but his deliveries of to-day, though of medium pace, are scarcely less deadly than of yore, and he is still a batsman whose forcing tactics it is always a pleasure to witness, for in an up-hill fight he has no rival for rising to the occasion by pulling a match out of the fire.

G. L. Jessop is certainly the best all-round man of the combination. He bowls fast with a very low delivery, and can stand an incredible amount of work before showing signs of fatigue. His wielding of the willow can only be described as dashing. Sir Timothy O'Brien scored a century under the hour for his county against Yorkshire at Lord's, and won the match within five minutes of time, but Jessop replied by scoring 101 in forty minutes against Yorkshire about a month ago. [See Fast-Scoring Feats in Cricket, on page five.] Jessop's driving power is simply marvelous, and his runs being habitually the outcome of strokes anywhere save behind the wicket, he has only to cut a ball, be it intentionally or otherwise, to elicit good-natured guffaws from the onlookers, so great is his proclivity for herculean slogging. Townsend, who with Jessop belongs to Dr. W. G. Grace's Gloucestershire crew, had the honor of representing his county at the immature age of sixteen, the "G. O. M. of Cricket" unearthing him from Clifton College. His batting is not a little promising for the mere stripling that he is, and his recent century against Yorks testifies to the fact that he can successfully cope with even the cream of professional bowling. As a slow bowler, with a style quite his own, he at times, especially on a sticky wicket, creates great havoc—the work he gets on from the leg falling to find few batsmen who are not beaten by it.

Brann and Newham are, with the exception of Ranjitsinhji, the two most reliable batsmen in the Sussex eleven. The latter is a really fine bat, though with few characteristics; but, Brann, once he gets his eye in, is a veritable slogger, hitting all around the wicket with equal facility. His name figures among the select few who have scored two centuries in a first-class match. On Bardswell and Cunliffe has fallen the brunt of the Oxford bowling of late years. The former, who captained the Oxonians this year and made top score in both innings against Cambridge, is a consistent run-getter and a brilliant field. Of the rest: Chinnery only made his debut for Surrey this year, but the mere fact of his inclusion in the eleven which bids fair to regain the position of Champion County at the conclusion of their fixtures, at once proclaims him a sterling bat, as he does not bowl; Newton, the regular Somersetshire wicket-keeper, will be behind the sticks, the gauntlets will be donned by a more than capable stumper, while Bennett and McHemingway will probably be more in evidence as spectators than partakers in the several games scheduled. Appended are this season's batting and bowling averages of those whose figures are sufficiently good to be recognized in the weekly compilations of statistics: Batting—Brann 38, Jessop 30, Warner 27, Newham 26, Chinnery and Woods 25, Townsend 21; bowling—Jessop (who is on the high road to his 100th wicket) 17, Cunliffe 10, Townsend 27, Woods 29.

Mr. J. L. Counsell of Hamilton has resigned his place on the International cricket eleven in order to make way for Mr. Mossom Boyd. This is one of those incidents which occur in cricket now and then and prove the fine sportsmanlike spirit that, as a rule, animates the players of the English game. It is but fair to Mr. Counsell and Mr. Boyd to note the facts of this case.

Mr. Counsell had played fine cricket for Hamilton all season, having a batting average of, I think, 20, and had only twice failed to reach double figures. He is known to be one of the best fielders in the country and a fair change bowler. He easily qualified for a place. But playing for Ontario against Quebec he failed to score in either innings; for Hamilton against Chicago he again failed to score, and for Toronto against Chicago only made 8. He saw Mr. Boyd, spare man for the international, make 26 and 19 against Quebec, and 47 against Chicago by the finest kind of cricket, and he decided to retire in that gentleman's favor. A most unfortunate letter appeared in the sporting columns of the *Globe* on Tuesday morning signed "Wicket," suggesting that "someone" should retire in Mr. Boyd's favor, but as Mr. Counsell had already announced his retirement to his friends, the letter does not subtract anything from the credit due him, and I repeat that the letter was an unfortunate one. As I stated a couple of weeks ago, Mr. W. W. Jones retired under similar circumstances a few years ago, but I had no expectation that there would be an opportunity for Mr. Counsell to do an equally graceful act this year. Cricket will be a model game while it is animated by such a spirit.

The international cricket match will begin at Rosedale on Monday at 11 a.m., and as Labor Day is a holiday there will probably be a record crowd. The Canadian eleven will be: D. W. Saunders, captain, P. C. Goldingham, J. M. Laing, and Mossom Boyd of Toronto; F. W. Terry of Clinton; George S. Lyon of Rosedale; A. F. R. Martin of Hamilton; W. H. Cooper of Trinity; H. C. Hill of McGill University, Montreal; A. G. Chambers of Parkdale and H. B. McGivern of Ottawa.

J. M. Laing played one of the finest innings ever seen in Toronto at Rosedale on Saturday afternoon last against Parkdale, when he put up 197 runs in less than three hours. He only gave two chances, and they were practically impossible ones. Mr. Laing is a powerful batsman, and I have always held that if he would use his driving powers with freest confidence he would be the greatest batsman we have had in Canada. On Saturday it was a positive delight to see the way he cut and drove, never letting up for a single over. That kind of batting would draw big crowds to cricket games.

The Civil Service annual bicycle races, held on the Woodbine track last Saturday, provided the best afternoon's sport the Service have enjoyed since the institution of those games. There were six events on the programme, and one extra event, which proved the best of all—the committee men's race. As they sat on their wheels, stern, purposeful men, waiting for the word "go," many were the surmises as to which would prove the winner. To look at the huge knotted muscles of S. F. H. Harris, the brawny calf, the powerful thigh, one might well have thought little of the chances of a less doughty champion than D. O'Halloran. It was conceded by those who have been watching the men for weeks that O'Halloran had the better knee action and was the more rigorously trained. His private trainer tells me that O'Halloran is the hardest worker he ever had under his care. Work, he says, cannot kill him. Both men, then, in the pink of condition, it is no wonder that the interest was keen and the betting even. At the word "go," Mr. O'Halloran handed his hat to a bystander, and amidst the cheers and well-wishes of his friends and backers pushed off into the unknown. His rival was already under way, and was starting off to qualify for pacing. Taking up a safe position fifty yards behind him, O'Halloran, his eyes glued to his adversary's back wheel, pushed his sixty-four-and-a-half gear steadily down the back stretch. Harris, low over his handles, couldn't gain an inch. At the half their positions were unchanged. At the three-quarters still the same. Half-way up the stretch Harris still leading by fifty yards. Then suddenly O'Halloran leaned back in his saddle. It was Jimmy Michael's exact position. From that moment it could be seen that O'Halloran was gaining. As the minutes rolled by, seeming hours to the excited throng, O'Halloran slowly but surely decreased Harris's lead until, just one foot three and one-third inches from the tape, with one last effort he pushed his front wheel two inches in front of his gallant adversary's and won by a time—time, 17.34 2.5.

The visit of Jimmy Michael to Toronto last week constitutes the biggest event in the local cycling programme of the season. It has set local racing men wondering if the secret of the Welsh dwarf's riding powers lies in the fact that instead of sitting his wheel bunched up like a frog in the approved fashion, he rides as if he were running on the pedals. His saddle is directly over his work, his handles are almost in his lap, being free from a suspicion of "drop," and with his huge gear he simply goes through the motion of running upstairs, his chest out and his lungs expanded in the natural way. "There is no reason," one of his pacing team said, "why McCarthy and others couldn't ride as good as the boy here if they'd only sit their wheels right. The reason why more don't copy Michael's position is that they get their saddle up forward with a jump, and of course they find they can't ride it. If they were to put it up an inch at a time, say a week or so apart, and get used to the forward position gradually, they would never notice the difference." It was worth the money Michael took from town to learn that ram's-horn handles are unnecessary.

The Argonauts' fall races will take place on September 18, and will be more than usually interesting because of an eight-oar race between the Pennsylvania Barge Club, present champions, and an Argonaut eight.

The Torontos defeated Cornwall at Rosedale on Saturday 6-1, and people are wondering more than ever how it is that the team is at the foot of the league. This phase of the question is brought out in a special article by a contributor in this issue. The game, Torontos vs. Tecumsehs, at Rosedale this afternoon is the talk of the town.

## The Torontos in the Big League.



HE Torontos have made a very peculiar record in lacrosse so far this year. In the race for the championship they are tail-enders, yet they have been playing too good lacrosse consistently to be classed as the worst in the league. Their showing is far and away ahead of the tail-enders of any previous year. Every league game they have played that they have not won has been a

bitter fight up to the last few minutes, with victory seemingly going towards the light and dark blue, but when the last minute has arrived Nemesis has come with it and the victory, which seemed securely ensconced within the portals of the Rosedallians, has been snatched away; here by some patent mistake in generalship, there by particular pieces of misplay, now by the partisan decisions of referee or umpire, and again by that proverbial hard luck which always is claimed to have something to do with the disposition of defeat, and which certainly has been a factor in several of the defeats chalked up against the Torontos this year. The reasons advanced for the existence of this fatal finish in nearly all their games have been various, and in many instances have had in them an element of truth. Want of knowledge of one another's play certainly had something to do with one or two of the earlier games, but would hardly hold for the later games that have been played and lost. Inexperience is but a poor excuse to cover the defeat of a team upon which figure such names as Allan, Patterson, Moore, Murray, Gale, Reid, Smith and Burns. Poor generalship is said to have played a lone hand in a couple of the games, but it is very easy to criticize one plan of battle and suggest others when that one has been tried and has failed. In the last few matches the crippled condition of the team, on account of the injuries of Moran and Burns, has no doubt militated against its success, but accidents should have been prepared for by the management and substitutes of a better quality should have been looked for and secured when the team was gotten together. Want of proper practice has been a potent element in the non-success of several matches, and that chiefly on account of the absence of Moore and Murray from the practices. These players, on account of some difficulty with their colleagues, changed their allegiance to Toronto on the understanding that they would be transferred to this city, Moore through the Post Office Department, and Murray by being given a permanent situation here. This, however, the management have failed to do, and the result has been practices of an incomplete nature, lending an instability to the team that might otherwise have been absent. These and other reasons have been vouchsafed for the team's place in the league, most of them being so much to the point as would lead one to conclude that they all have played some part, and a combination of a composite nature would bring one near to the truth. But whatever may have been the cause or causes for this fatal finish, the same inevitable result has been produced with almost unvarying regularity, and the team has met defeat where a win was not only hoped for, but looked for. At the same time, with almost equal unvarying regularity has the team in each game played with such strength and success as to make the game appear in their favor, or at least undecided until the last goal was scored. Of the ten championship games played to date, seven have been lost and but three won; yet, totaling up the number of goals scored, the Torontos have only been led by their opponents by a margin of three goals. Of the seven games lost, four have been snatched away from them by one goal, two have been lost by two goals, and the remaining one by three. Taking in the exhibition games played, viz., Montreal, Capital and Tecumseh, the Torontos lead all their opponents so far this year in the total number of goals scored, by four. This is a record which one can hardly imagine would place the team at the foot of the list. The three games with the Shamrocks have all been lost, but played in such a way that if an unbiased onlooker had been asked to pick the winner fifteen minutes before the call of time, he would assuredly have chosen Toronto. Of the four games with the Capitals, Toronto has won two, and one would fain pick Toronto as the winner on neutral ground, and yet what a difference in the league record. In the last game in Ottawa, had not the element of offensive partisanship come into evidence in the decisions of one of the umpires, the score would have been four to three in favor of Toronto instead of five to four against them, as was frankly confessed after the game by both Westwick and Eddie Murphy, both of whom were given goals which were admittedly shot wide. With Cornwall, Toronto has also broken even, each having won two games. Cornwall's first win was the first game of the season, before the Toronto team had been shaken together. Their second win was the play-over of the protested match, a game which was played in a deluge of rain with water ankle-deep, where lacrosse was out of the question, and shiny strength and knowledge of grounds were at a premium. The game last Saturday would seem to more properly show the relative strengths of the two teams at the present time. But nothing succeeds like success, and the form shown by the Torontos has been very disappointing in the one great particular of the winning of games. To a Toronto public that is the all in all, the very quintessence of perfection, which must be attained before the real merits of a team are properly brought forward and developed. The crumbs of gratification in this regard have been few and far between and have been signally attached to the name of Capital. Saturday's decisive win has, however, come in the right place. Toronto has three more games to play. Two of them, with Shamrocks and Capitals at Rosedale, ought to create a great deal of excitement. The defeat of Capitals on Saturday will make a very interesting finish in the League race, and the name of Toronto is now being looked upon with a great deal of anxiety in Montreal and Ottawa. Out of it, as far as the championship is concerned, Toronto has still a finger in the pie and will certainly have much to do with the disposition of the pennant.

THE UMPIRE.

JUNEC.



## BY A. F. BARR.

PASSING.

The best method is to have two or three balls on the field; form the players in small groups and let them pass the ball around, watching carefully how each man passes and catches the ball. Here is where coaching can be made effective. If a player cannot handle the ball properly, show him how to do it and keep at it until he understands the right method. There is a certain amount of knack in passing and catching, and a new player cannot be expected to pick it up at once. The straight-arm pass will be found the best on account of accuracy and speed. The ball should not merely be tossed, but should be sent swiftly so that it cannot easily be intercepted. The running pass cannot be practiced too much, and the men should be kept at this every night throughout the season. The men do not need to race down the field—it is much better to go slowly, avoiding fumbles, and increase the speed as the men become more proficient. A good thing to teach the players is that of handing the ball to one another while running closely together. The idea of the con-

Although Mollie had refused George's offer of marriage several times, the above argument was decisive. They are to be married next January.

FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

It is not every dinner table that has seated around it representative press men from every plony of the empire. It was an unique occasion. Many of us are returning to our homes, and the kindness and the real friendship shown by our host will do much, in fact has done much, to make us forget the snubs we received at the hands of many of the officials, the tinpods of this Christian country. Colonialists met

HOMER GREENWOOD,  
London, Aug. 18, '97.

From Fort Macpherson to Dawson City there runs the No Name River, and this trip only necessitates one portage of ten miles. To go to Dawson City via Edmonton will only cost about half as much as by way of Dyea or by the sea route. The trip can be more quickly made, and it is likely that next spring this will be the favorite road to the Yukon. Mr. Heming will, we believe, conduct a large party by this route early next spring.

The vocalist laughed, the hostess looked very vexed, but to the amusement of everybody the monkey went the rounds and collected a large sum. His task ended, he jumped upon the singer's shoulder, amidst shouts of laughter, and deposited the contents of the hat in her lap. The collection, of course, was devoted to the charity, but it was as much as the hostess could do to persuade her guests that the trick had not been previously practiced by her.





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 Travre, Sept. 14 Travre, Oct. 12  
 Lahn, Sept. 21 Lahn, Oct. 19  
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 Saale, Oct. 5 Saale, Nov. 2  
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 Spree, Sept. 18; Havel, Sept. 25; Spree, Oct. 16.  
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### Anecdotal.

A young lady entered a street car and a darkey of the old school immediately arose and gave her his seat. She smiled and said, "Oh, thank you, but I don't like to deprive you." "No depravity, ma'am; no depravity 'tall. It am a pleasure to be deprived by such as yo' is, shuah."

The composer Beethoven had a brother who was very proud of a little piece of property he owned. One day he called on the composer, but found him out. So he left a card inscribed: "Johann von Beethoven, land proprietor." Next day he had it returned to him, written on the back: "H. von Beethoven, brain proprietor."

The Eleventh Hussars had arrived in Dublin one day, and, after a levee at the Castle, one of their officers, walking down Sackville street in full dress, met two Irishmen fresh from the country. Quite staggered by the glittering and gorgeous apparition, one of the Irishmen said to the other, "Begorra, but shouldn't I like to pawn him!"

At a watering-place in the Pyrenees the conversation at table turned upon a wonderful echo to be heard some distance off on the Franco-Spanish frontier. "It is astonishing," said an inhabitant of the Garonne. "As soon as you have spoken you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier the echo assumes the Spanish accent."

The late Dr. McCosh first arrived in Princeton on a sultry afternoon in an exhausted condition, and on his way to the college stopped at the inn and took a refreshment. When he was received by the faculty, one of them expressed regret that the day was so uncomfortable. "Yes," said the doctor, as he removed the perspiration with his silk kerchief, "it is hot-verra hot-and the whusky at the public-house is verra bad."

Some visitors in Virginia hired an old negro on the plantation to drive them to see the Natural Bridge. On nearing it they asked him something of its height and width, and if he really thought it such a wonder after all. His replies were so vague that one of them said: "Now, Sam, confess; you have never been so near the bridge before." "Lord, suh!" he replied. "I 'member comin' heah to help de day dee lay de corner-ston'; but I ain't teck no-tement 'bout how high de bridge wuz built, nor how far 'cross twuz. Of co'se, I ain't done com heah much sence; but dis nigger niver gwine to forgit dat day."

Prof. Gallaudet, of the Deaf Mute Institute in Washington, has a clever pupil, a little boy, who, in spite of his deformity, is well informed about George Washington. Senator Hoar visited the Institute one day and the boy was called on to tell the story of the cherry tree, which he did with quick-moving fingers. He arrived at the point at which George's father finds the injury, and he continued: "When George's father asked him who backed his favorite cherry tree, George put his hatchet in his left hand—" "Stop," interrupted the professor. "Where did you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?" "Why," responded the boy, "he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree."

Cholly Ricketts (tragically)—Refuse me, dear, and I shall enter a monastery and be a monk. Maude Summerflirt—Monastery? Don't you mean a menagerie?—Puck.

"Joking aside, madam, two girls have gone insane from love of me—and you say you really cannot love me?" "No, baron." "Third case of insanity!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Old Millyuns—Young man, my daughter tells me you kissed her last night. Percival Tootles—Well, if she wants to go bragging about it, that's her privilege.—*Chicago Record*.

"Everybody seems to be on an equality in Klondike," said the shoe-clerk boarder. "Yes," said the cheerful idiot, "one man can cut as much ice as another up there."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Papa," said Billy tearfully, after a playful romp with the good-natured but rather rough St. Bernard puppy, "I don't believe Bingo knows what kind of a dog he is. He plays as if he thought he was a little pug."

### Between You and Me.

**N**EXT to a canal boat, which is the laziest and most utterly demoralizing of water conveyances, comes a tripeast via the locks on a propeller.

Such a trip kind fate arranged for the little boy and me last week, and what a good time we had of it. Perfect weather, perfect good-nature, and a glimpse of friends of whom glimpses are like angels' visits, few and far between. It was inevitable that the little boy should find himself locked out of the house at starting, with his latch-key in his other pocket, and that in the face of weather prophets foretelling rain, I should be that rattled by the little boy's vagaries that I came away minus waterproof, gum-shoes, and even umbrella. The wonder of all wonders is that it never rained. It is a bonny trip out over our grand lake into the king of rivers, whose current hurries Niagara to the salt sea at last; past the fairy region of the Islands, each more fascinating than the next, when one has left grim old Kingston behind and forgotten all the modern fashion of war and fighting, and houses full of soldiers, trained to be shot at, some fair day, and has become peaceful and happy with wood and island, and stream in God's nature-poem. It is a bonny trip, particularly if people let you alone, all alone, for the little boy deserts me basely, airily informing me that he's going with "the men." Such is the fashion of little boys when they can walk alone, and they are apt to keep it up until they become quite decrepit and come back to us to grumble and be nursed. The little boy is having lovely times these days. On the down trip, as I lay snoozing in my berth, thinking of all the work I wasn't doing, came he with subdued and quiet mien and stood by the bedside, and I, fancying him weary of the men and turning to me for a change, basely truckled to him and held out a welcoming finger. The little boy stood a moment hesitating and then said: "Did you notice the boat stop?" "Yes; what did it?" "I pulled a brass thing up on deck, and the men say there's a fine, and I never knew that brass thing stopped the boat—did you?" As I confessed to ignorance of the ways of brass things, he immediately became cheerful, arguing, doubtless, that if I didn't know he couldn't be expected to, and branched off into a graphic description of the enquiries of the captain and various deck-hands, and that "the men" had thought someone was overboard. By this time he is bragging of having stopped the boat.

People don't let you alone. There are girls who want their hands read, and ladies who want to gossip, and a girl who really can sing, so that one realizes to the full the enormity of the whistle when it cuts in on her lovely rich notes; and the girl who thinks, to talk to whom makes one's head ache, one must give her so much, the earnest young thing! There is always the refuge of one's stateroom, until the little old lady comes on board and ousts the little boy from his berth, and he goes away raging to be bunked with "the men," and you glory in his rage, missing him fearfully, but for the sake of another little old lady feeling very kind to your new room-mate. She is apologetic and nervous, and wishes there was some other place for her to sleep, but finds herself very comfortable all the same. The little boy might be bunked on the awesome little shelf near the ceiling, only not being able to avoid falling out of bed in a decorous bed-chamber at home, it's not liable he'd refrain from rolling down on you and incidentally breaking his skull when some unusually vivid dream of a struggle to the death holds him in its thrall. One thing there is to be thankful for, the old lady is not likely to engage your attention at three in the morning by prodding you in the small of the back with her toe! When the boat bumps the wall of the lock at such eerie hour, up comes the small boy's foot and dislocates your spine, while he demands sleepily, "What's that we bumped on?" as if you were a watchful barnacle on the keel and knew all about it.

In and out of the locks, now settling down in shallow water, now floating buoyantly, rising foot by foot as the lock fills, then sliding out through the open gates—a queer progress truly. We have a little diversion over two big people who talk loudly of their ability to pay for the best of everything, and get gloriously left in the matter of staterooms and seats at table. Sometimes it is a great temptation to tease people, is it not?

Down the uneasy locks, and into narrow stretches of ribbons of water, the canals which follow the bank of the river and are sometimes pretty and bordered with green sod, sometimes blocked with barges wonderfully named and decorated. Who did not laugh at Killkenny with its marvelous painting of the famous cats, their backs arched and their tails of portentous magnitude? 'Twas a great barge surely, that barge Killkenny! Then, in early morning, the coming into the dear old beautiful city of Montreal, backed by its tree-crowned mountain and full of association of former good times, friends who are, and alas! who are not, but sleeping quiet under green grass on the mountain top. One little friend, in a quaint buckram cap, with a Dutch porch, and a wee black tippet over a queer fawn gown with immense sleeves. A little nun is she, this most beautiful of women, and I adore her, for she lives in a sweet heaven of goodness, and sometimes sets the gate ajar for even such a hopeless scamp as Lady Gay. We go to see her, of course, and are kissed on each cheek, and the other woman notes her beauty, her angelic eyes, her cupid mouth, her dainty, slender hands, her aristocratic little feet—for me, I only know that she blesses me and tells me, that it is good when life gives one hard things, for one can get credit for meeting them. Such is her faith! She has my future arranged; it is to be spent with her. Fancy, if you can, such beatitude! Every day she prays for me, this adorable saint, and she has my work cut out for me when this world, which she thinks so poor a place, ceases to attract me, and I don't dare to tell her that the world is a good world and I want always to be out in it.

One little hour I always have in Montreal, when I go foraging for a big bag of choice fruit, and having secured it I betake me to that old down-town hospital of Notre Dame, just opposite that old church I love—the sailors'

### Golf Widows.

Harper's Monthly.



"Did you notice who those two men were who passed up the path and bowed just now? They were going toward the links."  
 "I couldn't tell exactly. I saw them go by, and it seemed they were your husband and mine, but I'm not sure."  
 "That's what I thought; the man on the right looked like George, as I remember him."  
 "And the other had James's walk, anyhow."  
 "Yes, he did. I wonder if they've changed much?"

Church of Our Lady of Bon Secours. They let me in without demur, for the little sister used to be there ten years ago, and indeed I think they are so good and kind that the prospect of a moment's pleasure to their patients would make them admit anyone. A naughty little nun takes me around a ward where are men badly smashed up, a wee boy who has been run over, a Tipperary man with a red head and an honest face, a black little Kerry man, who laughs and jokes bravely, and when the man speaks English she vows he is French and *vice versa*, enjoying my conversational confusion. And we have a jolly time, eating pears and plums and peaches, and mixing up the *patois* of the *habitant*, the brogue of the Kerry man and many another queer lingo. And the bag is empty and the heart light as I go, for it does one good to feel one's bones all whole.

### The Parting.

**For Saturday Night.**  
 The dreaded typhoid laid him low  
 In a New York hospital bed,  
 With a ninety-pound body all aglow,  
 And a bald and crazy head.  
 When his temperature rose to 103  
 He was dragged to a bath, ice-cold.  
 He was frozen and starved with savage glee  
 By the doctors and nurses bold.  
 He dreamed nine million times of the things  
 That his mother used to bake,  
 And vaguely wondered if harp and wings  
 Were as good as a chop or steak.  
 But they brought him back a little way  
 From the Valley of Shadowland;  
 And he loved a nurse with eyes of gray,  
 And coaxed her to hold his hand.  
 The nurse was leaving the hospital soon,  
 Before her patient was well;  
 And she dreaded reaction would follow his  
 When he knew she must say farewell.  
 With a hesitation new she came,  
 And she found him up and eating.  
 He gave her a glance when she spoke his name,  
 And a bland and careless greeting.  
 "I am leaving—I—we must say good-by,"  
 She said, with a touch of red,  
 And again: "I am going—" Without a sigh,  
 "So are the chops," he said.  
 HENRY WATSON JAKEWAY.

### A Boy's Woe.

A small boy in Parkdale had a hollow rubber ball which became punctured, with the usual result. Bringing it to his father the other day he said, "See, this ball is no good. It has two sides on one side and none on the other."

"I know how we walk," said Willie. "We put one foot down and let it stay till it gets way behind and then do the same thing with the other, and keep doing it."

### Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

HAZEL AND VERA.—Kindly read answer to Carrie J. Surely the rules at the head of this column are plain.

CARRIE J.—A verse of poetry written on lines gives room for very little display of character, even such a cribbed and confined character as yours. There are appreciative and refined touches in it.

DORA.—Generosity, perseverance, neatness of method, a tendency to dawdle, lack of decision and snap, but a level and sensible head, some tenacity and probably a strong love of art though undeveloped. You are adaptable, companionable and cheerful.

PRUNER.—Ancient and bad, I am afraid, little girl. Don't you be too inquisitive. Your writing is still too emphatic, hasty and self-assertive to have passed many years of moulding. You have high thoughts sometimes; live up to them and you'll be all right. You have a sense of humor, bright mentality and an honest heart.

BILL BERTAN.—Just an ordinary and somewhat careless person, impressionable, impatient of delay and sometimes inclined to pessimism, strong affection and a liking for comfort, rather a nervous temperament, somewhat lacking in tact and sympathy, generally candid and truthful; should be a good business man and not afraid of a hard bit of work; fond of social intercourse; would not be happy alone.

HECKY SHARPE.—1. The "I" is sounded as in English, though many persons give it the French sound, like "ee." 2. I do not think your writing is good for a business hand, it is too angular and twisty. 3. It shows a good deal of force and decision, sharp judgment, quick and determined action, and some prejudice; you are conservative but not conventional,

have strong likes and dislikes not always sensible, and are a bright sort of being.

**THE LITTLE OLD LADY.**—A very set and conservative little old lady you are, and probably of the old school, precise in doing even little things, fond of your own ways, your own people, and a very loyal and reliable friend. Your judgment is good so far as your experience goes, and you are kind but not generous. Likely to be just to a degree and anxiously careful of duty. Just the little old lady, or young one either, who is the saving salt to this rotten old world.

**WYNNE.**—A very capital study. Great enterprise and a neat, concrete mind, able to grasp details but not bound in narrow bands; adaptable (you'd fall on your feet anywhere), impulsive and ardent when you like, and *vice versa*; good temper, logic and a persevering and reasonable mind. You have good taste and an appreciative nature; considerable sympathy of a sensible sort; rather practical than romantic. A fine character, admirably fitted to face the world in its contrary moods.

**ANNA FELIX.**—I don't know what you call purely personal if the letter you enclose is not so. It seems to me a most horrible thing to submit a passionate love letter to the unknown correspondence editor, and as to discretion, well, your own writing is simply destitute of the saving grace. It would serve you perfectly right if I were to publish the letter you enclose, and no doubt the writer would come to a speedy disillusion in regard to the object of his red-hot periods. I shall certainly not delineate them, anyway.

**MOLLY.**—You sign yourself also, An Admirer, and I hope the information you asked of me reached you in time. I wish such requests could be marked "immediate," then they wouldn't be side-tracked. Your writing shows much force of character and excellent method. You are persevering, sensible, good-tempered, and reasonably clever, with a well poised nature and a cautious way of dealing with your fellows. You are ambitious and like to take a good place in the procession; you never waste effort nor emotion on unresponsive persons or unrequited pursuits. You are impulsive and quick in your feelings, honest and courageous, sometimes sympathetic and always sincere. How nice you are!

**GRACE.**—Send your envelope addressed to this column and I will consider its contents. That it failed to suit those critics is no criterion of its merits. Some of the finest things one knows only were taken, like the banns of marriage, after the third asking. Should have answered you sooner had I read your letter when it came. 2. Your writing shows considerable talent, ambition, cheerfulness and general sweetness of temper. You are alive to all the beauties of art and nature; have rather a prudent method; perhaps too liable to be discouraged, but sure to succeed if you do yourself justice. Your heart is not adamant, and your perception and appreciation are unusually bright and your sequence of ideas good. On the whole, I can quite believe your literary effort may have much excellence.

**PRUDE.**—I. I certainly believe in first impressions, being a very impressionable person myself. I dare say if you are a flirt and can't help it, it is because you don't want to. Many persons are under the impression that the game is worth the candle. Some day, when you decide it is not, you may find your reputation in that line a nuisance and a hindrance. As to my opinion of flirts, really so long as they are



Beautiful eyes grow dull and dim  
 As the swift years steal away.  
 Beautiful, willowy forms so slim  
 Lose fairness with every day.  
 But she still is queen and hath charms to  
 spare  
 Who wears youth's coronal—beautiful hair.

### Preserve Your Hair

and you preserve your youth. "A woman is as old as she looks," says the world. No woman looks as old as she is if her hair has preserved its normal beauty. You can keep hair from falling out, restoring its normal color, or restore the normal color to gray or faded hair, by the use of

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good-natured and reasonable I wouldn't cast a stone at them. They'll probably be well pelted anyway. 2. Your writing shows ambition, decision and excellent strength of impulse and character generally. You are rather well able to take care of yourself, and would find it difficult to do a mean thing. You are not very logical, and prone to idealize, like the beaten path, and think a good deal of externals. The lines are rather lacking in spirituality.

**JANUARY.**—You belong to a rather prosy month if you have chosen it as your *nom de plume*. There is no recipe for entertaining or attracting gentlemen which can be given in cold print. Men sometimes gather about a woman because she appeals to certain strong tendencies in their nature; because she gives what they want of amusement, sympathy, spur of some kind or other. The ways of the attractive woman are various and past finding out, but it is safe to say that she is about one to nine of another make. 2. Your writing shows a restless, ambitious, imaginative mind, incapable of deep or consecutive thought, generally of a distracting and somewhat disconnected habit. Impulses often rules, and judgment is faulty. There is force flying every way, which, being controlled and conserved, would be of the greatest value. Writer is clever and anxious to excel; needs to study and strive for repose and self-control. Rather an original.



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## Studio and Gallery

The Victorian Exhibition, the result of so much forethought, anxiety, activity, opened so auspiciously on Tuesday last, is fairly on the way. No part of all the great display is more interesting or reflects more credit on those who have had charge of it than the Art Gallery. The Ontario Society of Artists, under whose control the exhibit is, must be complimented upon the splendid results of their efforts. It has meant no little labor and care to those more immediately entrusted with the arrangement and collecting of the material. Mr. R. F. Gagen, the indefatigable secretary of the Society, has given unremitting time and attention to the work. It is in no way inferior, but in many respects superior to the display of former years. The room is quite improved in decoration, and one runs no risk to one's spinal column to see the lowest picture, as in former years, while few of the pictures can be said to be "skied." The hanging committee have paid every possible attention to artistic and suitable arrangement, and if they would introduce a few benches down the center of the room it would be, if not quite artistic, a very great convenience.

No awards are granted. It is just possible that no suitable standard of judgment could well be agreed upon, or at least it would be difficult, and our Government possibly regards itself as having discharged its duty to art and artists when it makes a somewhat meagre grant to the Society and takes part of it back for the good of the country. Like its mother, our juvenile colony, as a state, has not had very much place, so far, for "painting and poetry."

The most conspicuous, and in some respects the most attractive canvases, are, of course, those of the English artists, Yeend King, E. S. Parton, C. Hayes, and some loaned from the homes of private citizens, all of which will be found in the catalogue; and the thanks of the country are due the committee who secured these art treasures and afforded so many an opportunity not often enjoyed. They add very much to the general appearance of the collection; but while we feast our eyes again and again on these lovely creations we would do well to bear in mind that this Industrial Exhibition is intended to be a display of Canadian art, and to depict as truthfully as may be at what stage art has arrived in this country, and its advancement over previous years. Every liberal-minded artist with a due proportion of patriotism in his composition—and can a man be an artist and not a patriot!—would surely feel inclined to add his mite to the total effort to make this occasion worthy themselves and worthy their country. Every intelligent Canadian also must surely feel a greater or less degree of interest in those "few voices" and "few lamps," which Ruskin tells us "God has toned and lighted to charm and guide us." We all desire, surely, to become as well acquainted as may be with our own Canadian artists.

The collection of Mrs. Schrieber of Springfield-on-Credit, consisting of some thirty pic-

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tures, well represents the old school of English painting. Accurate drawing, laborious effort, minute detail and good coloring are its leading characteristics. Some figures of children are not so mechanical as the majority of the figures are. There is seldom given, perhaps, a better illustration of the essential difference between the older and new schools of painting than that afforded by the comparison between this collection and that of F. McG. Knowles arranged in such close proximity to it. Mrs. Schrieber's is the other extreme of the impressionist style.

Many good portraits are to be seen on the walls. Mr. Wylie Grier has three, each different somewhat in treatment; the one of Mrs. E. B. Johnston manifestly so. The mood is most artistic; subdued modulation of color and general tenderness constitute it, in our opinion, a very lovely portrait.

Mr. Sherwood is, as might be expected, well represented, having several portraits and figures, his portrait of Dr. May being very well executed indeed and very striking, the one of himself not quite so striking. But his most really artistic piece of work is the figure of the Naturalist. A beautiful background of sunlight and softest tones of green throws into relief the figure, which is made to reflect the light and color of the landscape and give it value.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster's portrait of Sir Beverley Robinson is very life-like and very vigorous, but we would like it much better if he had surrounded his subject with some light and air. It would be more agreeable to the subject, too, possibly.

The portrait of Mr. Rice by F. McG. Knowles is extremely rich in tone and vital in effect, and easily ranks among the first of all the portraits there. A warm and luxurious background, if a trifle heavy.

Mr. Cutts shows a young lady of ample proportions flopping over a table, and though there is much good work distributed here and there through the portrait, it is quite too realistic to be fascinating.

Mr. Shaw of Peterborough sends a portrait of a priest, having a great deal of work on the garments, etc. Those who really wish to see this portrait must come prepared to apply the Roentgen rays to it. Nothing else will penetrate its gloom.

Miss Bastedo has a clear, fresh, natural portrait of a gentleman.

F. S. Challenger's portrait of an old lady contains much delicate detail. He has two others, a strong face of a young man against a lifeless background, and one of young Master Copeland. The picture, rather than portrait, of Mrs. Reid satisfies fully one's artistic sense, as, in a different way, does also Mr. Knowles' back view of a head; both are beautiful.

Of landscapes there is a goodly gathering, representing many Canadian artists whose individuality is well known to the public.

W. Atkinson's delightful Moonlight and other pieces are in his usual refined and chaste style, low in tone, broad and free in treatment. Indeed, in the minds of some, they quite hold their own with the English landscapes, and underneath is distinctly perceptible the early French influence of Mr. Atkinson's training.

F. M. Bell-Smith has none of his usual large pieces, but is none the less well represented. His London Bridge and Land's End display the ready handling of a dexterous brush, facile and eloquent, telling very much quickly. A little more attention to detail would sometimes be an improvement. Mr. Blatchley, whose English style of water-color painting finds much favor with the public, has some very pleasing scenes indeed, notably A Hillside, and his Scarborough Heights, which is one of the best views of that place given to the public so far.

Mr. Bridgen has several delicate, dainty, hazy bits of water-color, a happy medium between the realist and the ultra-impressionist. Mr. Bruenech's are also pictures for the people, lacking, it may be sometimes, in a finished technique, but pleasing and attractive, catching peculiar lights faithfully.

F. S. Challenger's crisp, dainty, conscientious work is ever growing in beauty and power. There are several small pieces.

R. F. Gagen's several scenes are very truthful and with good atmospheric effect. His Clearing After Rain illustrates well the rising moving clouds.

Mr. O'Brien's water and sunlight, shadows and clouds and rocks are things the public can never tire of. His Sunset is more vivid than any of the other pieces, and is full of sunlight, giving a glorious effect.

G. A. Reid's impressionist style is not so much appreciated by the majority, possibly not being well understood. Without doubt his best piece, which all should see, is his Court of Lyons, truthful in drawing, refined and chaste in style, and subdued in tone. The delicate, intricate, lace-like effect of some of the work can only be seen by the careful observer, and then only in its proper light.

C. M. Manly's strongest piece, Sunset, is much more powerful in treatment and richer than any of his others. A study of any of Mr. Manly's pieces will bring one into close touch with nature.

F. A. Verner's Indian scenes divest the red man of any savage aspect and clothe him in truest poetry. Every Canadian must needs be interested in and enjoy these and his buffalo.

T. M. Martin's versatility of talent is well displayed in his variety of subjects and their ready handling. Some mossy logs reflect very vividly the sunlight, and are very unique.

J. E. Grace's scene tells a great deal in some what sombre tones.

In Mr. Matthews' Cows in a Stream, the strength and beauty lies in the foreground, while in another it is decidedly in the background. The light from behind the trees diffuses itself so softly through them, lighting up the lovely shades of green and wood tones. Miss G. K. Spurr, one of the few ladies represented, clothes local river scenery with life and beauty, as her Iris shows. Another modest little scene is very taking.

J. T. Rolph is also one of the English school. A good sketch of the Island and a lovely waterfall are his.

C. Jeffreys and Mr. Kidd's impressionist style shows what an artist eye can discover in nature.

G. E. Coleman's mass of red roofs could

hardly have appealed to him from an artistic standpoint, being more of an architectural study. His other building is not so, but is good in artistic effect, apart from the girl in blue.

Mr. Jones' Weird Sisters  
"thus do go about, about,  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again, to make up nine.  
Peace! the charm's wound up."

Geo. Chavignand's little girl is soft and Frenchy, as also his other scene, refined and pleasing; quiet in tone.

Miss Tully's water-colors are sympathetic in touch and appropriate in coloring.

Miss Hagerty's Gertrude in the Garden is tender in tone and artistic in composition.  
Mr. H. Martin's Harbor is well executed, as indeed are his several pieces. Scattered freely throughout are numerous small bits of imprisoned nature, quite as full of charm as many of their more pretentious neighbors, as the modest wood-violet sends forth its delicious odor from beneath heavier masses in the forest. These are apt to escape the eye of the crowd, but will repay study. Among the names on these are: F. L. Foster, A. Cox (who has also a large canvas), Revell, Bruenech, Robins, Miss Farncomb, Miss Martin, J. W. Beatty, Dillans, Parchment, Hudspeth, Kaus and Thomas.

In still life Mrs. Reid's and Mrs. Dignam's roses are things of beauty as usual. T. M. Martin and Mrs. Holmstead paint dead game like life—if I may say so. Miss M. Cary McConnell's Dutch interiors bring out very faithfully and artistically Dutch characteristics, painted, as they were, on the spot. But the acme of still life is to be seen in the Cheese and Wine of G. Fouca, a Parisian artist, which is one of the gems of the whole display. Amateurs who despise still life should imprint this on their brain permanently.

Of the life pictures, that of Mr. R. Harris, President of the R. C. A., is quite beyond our powers to describe, were we presumptuous enough to attempt it. It needs to be seen to be appreciated.

Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles' Silken Threads is rich in tones, soft in outline, perfect in composition, and above all, so deliciously illuminated, and yet it must ever be somewhat of an obtrusive picture to live with.

Mr. Sherwood's life is characteristic and faithfully portrays his subject.

The horses of Mr. Wickson are worthy of study.

Inasmuch, by J. W. L. Forster, is a spiritual conception of Biblical truth, a picture one would like to have always near.

Mr. Staples' Chickens, Lambs and human figure, sometimes out a little in drawing, are life-like. Mr. Ede also shows chickens.

Mr. J. Smith's small marines are unfortunately a little high to be as fully appreciated as they deserve to be.

Mr. W. Smith's water is so full of expression as to be a complete picture without other objects.

Mr. Cutts has also a good marine, although Ruskin would turn green at the sight of his attenuated logs.

The designs are few, but of excellent quality. Gustav Hahn, who also contributed quite a nice painting, J. A. Radford, R. J. Hovenden, S. Jones and others are represented.

Space will not permit an account of the art schools such as we would like to give, but the display is very interesting indeed.

JEAN GRANT.

### One Man's Love Story.

Pick-Me-Up.

"No," said the stranger pensively, "I was never married." He had been hanging about the bar for hours, exchanging his conversation for drinks and coming out top on every deal. "I was never married," he said to his fifth victim, "but I almost was. She was a glorious, splendid girl, too."

"Did she chuck you?"  
"No, not that."  
"Did she die?"  
"Not appreciably. In fact, they clean her boots for her every morning still."

"Parents thought you weren't good enough?"  
"Not at all. They thought I was too good."

Then everybody in the bar drew a long breath, and those with kind hearts tried not to appear as surprised as they were. The stranger had only one eye, and his nose was bulbous, and his head was bald. His clothes showed clearly and distinctly where they felt it most. And when a man wears string instead of braces, and an aching void instead of a shirt collar, the odds are that he is not doing these things for his health.

The victim looked at the stranger. "That," he said, "was some time ago, perhaps?"  
"You have it, sir. You have it in once. At that time I was a clerk, with money put by and still earning money. I was temperate and handsome, and highly-connected. Also I was strong—I could have picked up any man in this bar and mopped the cobwebs off the ceiling with his back-hair. That is the kind of man that women love, and I may tell you that this girl loved me like thunder. She was, as I have said, a glorious, splendid girl—a paralyzing, soul-awakening, out-of-the-special-bottle sort of girl—the sort of girl to make men swear off drink, learn the flute, and spend more money on neckties. There were thousands of men after her, though she was but a daughter of the people. Then I came on the scene, and the other men went home, and she was mine only, mine for ever."

"But the parents?"  
"Quite so—they were simple, modest, country people, and they told me that I was too good for the work, that my position was higher than hers. I replied that I would sink to any level they liked to mention. They said: 'No; raise her to your own. Educate her.' I said I would, and I did. I sent her to Paris for three years at my own expense, to learn style. Then she came back."

"Why didn't you marry her then? Wasn't she educated enough?"

"She was fairly humming with education—could find her own places in the prayer-book, do crewel-work, and used a handkerchief when she sneezed. She had gone steadily up all the time."

"Well, why didn't you marry her?"

If your digestive powers are deficient you need something now to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties:

Take the pleasantest of Malt Beverages—

## John Labatt's Ale and Porter

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powder are found in

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MORAL—TRUST NO OTHER

152

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The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

"Because I'd been going down all the time, and we'd simply reversed our positions. She was too good for me now. If I could have shut down her education just at the point when we were good enough for each other, it would have been all right. But she was away in Paris, and of course I didn't know."  
"But how was it that you'd gone down?"  
"It's expensive work having a girl educated in Paris, and it took all the money I'd put by. So I put by some more."

"Well?"  
"Well, that was it. Can't you see? This time they caught me putting it by, and owing to the misunderstanding which arose—well, I came down in the world. So when that girl returned I didn't send in any application for the lot. I dare say her heart is mine still, but I'm not making any use of it."

"Yes," he continued meditatively, after a pause, "I know my place, and I don't put myself forward. If I've been talking for half an hour, and my glass is empty, and my throat as dry as the top shelf in the lending library, but if nobody else cares, why should I?"  
And while the fifth victim took the hint, the stranger looked about him for a possible sixth.

### Wants to Know.

A good many hundreds and even thousands of long-suffering husbands can bear sorrowful testimony to the fact that this is the sort of catechism the wives of their bosoms subject them to every time they put on their hats to go out in the evening:

"Where are you going?"  
"Oh, I'm going out for a few minutes."  
"Where?"  
"Oh, nowhere in particular."  
"What for?"  
"Oh, nothing."  
"Why do you go then?"  
"Because."  
"Because what?"  
"Well, simply because."  
"Going to be gone long?"  
"No."  
"How long?"  
"I don't know."  
"Anybody going with you?"  
"No."  
"Well, it's strange that you can't be content to stay at home a few minutes. Don't be gone long, will you?"  
"See that you don't."  
This is one reason why so many marriages are a dead flat fizzle and failure.—E.C.

## BEAUTY

Ladies all over the world express daily their gratification at the grand results obtained by the use of **DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS & FOUL'S ARSENIC SOAP**, the only real true beautifiers in the world. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. They remove permanently all facial blemishes, such as Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Blackheads, Redness, Oilyness, Sunburn, Tan, and Eczema. Wafers, by mail, 50c. and \$1 per box, 6 large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. per cake. Address all orders to H. B. FOUL, 144 Yonge St., Toronto. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

LYMAN BROS. & CO., Wholesale Agents  
71 Front Street East, Toronto

### Ten Millions Died.

Within recorded history there has occurred no calamity like the famine in Bengal in 1770. From starvation and the diseases to which it gave rise ten millions (10,000,000) of people perished in six months. And from the political and social conditions that followed the famine, the province was disorganized and depressed for forty years afterwards. In the middle of that memorable summer the famishing living actually ate the bodies of the dead! Horrible! Indeed, yes. Such a famine happening (which God forbid) in England, would, in eighteen months' continuance, leave this fair island untenanted by a single human being.

Why allude to it? I'll tell you. Because it illustrates on a scale great enough for all to see it, the wonderful and vital relations between man and a mouthful of rice, of bread, of meat. To-day the food may fail, to-morrow the man may fail. It is no matter which fails; the result (continued) is the same—death by starvation. If the food fails through blight or drought, heaven only can help us to a new crop. If the man fails, what can we do? Let one man tell what he did.

"In May, 1884," he says, "I fell into a low, weak state. I felt heavy, tired and languid, and couldn't imagine what had come over me. My appetite left me, my mouth tasted badly and after eating the simplest thing I had a frightful pain at the pit of the stomach. Cold, clammy sweats used to break out all over me until I thought I was in a consumption."  
Many who are attacked in the manner described draw the same conclusion; they think they have consumption, and, naturally enough, they seek treatment for consumption. They are misled by the sweats and the cough, and other signs that seem to be those of that dread malady. Yet, after a course of treatment on that theory has done no good whatever, but has left them worse off than before, they draw another conclusion; not only that they really have consumption, but are fast dying of it. And all the while their lungs are sound as a new bellows. How is this?

"I was frequently sick," continues Mr. Shore, "sometimes as often as four or five times a day. I lost a deal of sleep, and got weaker and weaker until I could hardly walk. After a while I got so bad that I had to give up my situation as foreman at the Chemical Works, Weston."  
"Off and on I was like this for years. I saw doctor after doctor and spent pounds of physic, but was none the better for it. My strength was gone, and I despaired of ever getting it back again; and how can a man earn his living without strength?"

"Ah, friend Shore, nobody knows what a fearful, heart-shaking question that is unless he is at once a poor man and without power to do a turn for himself and for those who look to him for support. Then he knows, and trembles at what he knows, God help him."  
"In March, 1886," he adds, "I first read about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle, and after taking it a few days, I felt better than I had in half a dozen years. You will believe me when I say I kept on taking it. The result was surprising; I was soon well and strong as ever. No illness has come near me since then. The Syrup also cured my daughter of an obstinate dyspepsia. (Signed) William Edward Shore, Frodsham Bridge, near Warrington, May 3rd, 1886."

Father and daughter both suffered from the same thing—indigestion and dyspepsia. If all the people of England had it at once, and profoundly, the result might not perhaps be so terrible as followed the crop failure in Bengal, but it would be bad enough. As it is, millions do have this crushing malady, and what evils come of it this single case illustrates. But Mother Seigel's Syrup is curing them as fast as they hear of it and use it.

As to the symptoms that make people fear they have consumption, nine times in ten they are signs of the digestive trouble only—sweats from weakness and a "stomach cough." But consumption might set in later. The safe course is to expel the poison by resorting to the Syrup at the very start.



## Music.

The annual re-organization meeting of the Mendelssohn Choir will be held on Monday evening, Sept. 27, at the Guild Hall, McGill street, when officers for the ensuing year will be elected and other business transacted. Of the artistic achievements of this young society it is not necessary to speak here. Local critics and the musical public have so emphatically and unanimously pronounced upon the quality of the society's work that the officials are content to leave the verdict in their hands. Of the financial success of the last concert, however, a few facts may be of interest to the public. The largest audience ever assembled at the concert of a Canadian musical society, including, almost without exception, the leading local musicians and hundreds from various parts of the province, did honor to the society's appearance. The entire seating capacity of Massey Music Hall was sold out and three hundred purchased standing room. It is estimated that over one thousand were turned away from the building the night of the concert, and fully that number were unable to secure reserved seats at the box-office during the week preceding the concert, the committee adhering strictly to their plan of holding a certain number of rush-seats for the public at popular prices. Of these latter 1278 were sold at the hall within fifteen minutes after the doors opened the evening of the concert. The total receipts of the season, although but one concert was given, approximated \$2,000, and the amount on hand in the bank after all expenses of the concert were paid exceeded \$1,500. Of this amount nearly \$1,000 was appropriated by the committee to various purposes, including the conductor's honorarium, a purse to the accompanist, a grant of \$300 to various charities, and an expenditure of \$200 in souvenir pins for the chorus, leaving a balance at present in the hands of the treasurer of over \$500. These facts, which are a tribute to the management and strength of the society, are sufficiently unique in the history of Canadian musical societies to deserve mention. The society thoroughly appreciates the measure of support it has received at the hands of the public, a fact which encourages the officers to renewed efforts to place the Mendelssohn Choir on a higher plane than ever before in its future work.

A correspondent enquires concerning the date when the use of thumb in piano playing was first introduced. History tells us that previous to Bach's time it was the custom to use the four fingers in an outstretched position with the thumb hanging down. Bach perceived that the system in vogue before his time was unnatural. When he attempted to use the thumb, however, he was compelled to alter the position of his fingers on account of the shortness of the thumb. As Dr. Spitta puts it in his great work, "The Life of Bach," "this curving at once excluded all rigidity; the fingers remained in an easy, elastic attitude, ready for extension or contraction at any moment, and they could now hit the keys rapidly and accurately as they hovered close over them. Thus by diligent practice the greatest possible equality of touch, strength and rapidity was acquired in both hands, and each was made quite independent of the other." Henderson in his Preludes and Studies says: "Bach was not alone in the free use of the thumb, for Francois Couperin (1688-1733), Johann Gottfried Walther, a contemporary of Bach, Heinrich, and Handel, who was a great clavier player, and whose hands were used in a bent position, according to Chrysander, all employed the thumb in many ways; but it was Bach who systematically developed a method of fingering based on the new style and who handed down rules. It was Bach who refigured the scales in accordance with this natural use of the thumb. His genius exalted and moulded anew the entire formal material of music as known in his day, and effected in some of his works, such as the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, an astounding combination of the old and new styles. There are passages in the composition named which lean far forward into the present and resemble in style and spirit some of the devices of Liszt."

Whilst wandering in different parts of the province during the past month, the writer of this column came into possession of the annual report of one of the most prominent churches in the country, a church, by the way, which supports one of the best choirs in Ontario. The special report of the music committee, which led off with the statement that the past year had been one of "peace and prosperity" in the choir, was somewhat reminiscent of some of Emperor William's speeches from the throne. Any church choir which succeeds in pulling through the year in "peace" achieves a triumph which deserves to be recorded—as much so as the same feat merits special mention in the councils of the nations in dealing with their international troubles. Another significant fact in connection with this particular report was an item in the column of receipts in which the pastor of the church is credited with a contribution of \$100 to the choir. Here is a case where both pastor and choirmaster are to be congratulated, the former because of a choir which is so useful to him as to gain his sympathy and practical support, the latter because the church is presided over by a pastor who is so ready to recognize the good work done by the choir and so willing to set a practical example of appreciation to the congregation.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music opened for its eleventh season on Wednesday last, in the handsome new building, just completed, at the corner of College street and Queen's avenue. Arrangements for work in all departments have been already completed. The new rooms, which are bright and attractive, with a new equipment, are a great attraction to both pupils and teachers. The prospects for a successful year are more promising than ever hitherto, a large number having already registered for the fall term. Mr. Fisher, the musical director, returned from Boston on Friday of last week and has been kept busy since filling appointments with those contemplating musical study in the institution. The new calendar for 1897-98, which has been somewhat delayed by the attention necessarily given to the erection of the new buildings and the work of removal thereto, is now ready. Those desiring a copy

may send their address to the Conservatory, when it will be forwarded to them.

The new calendar of the College of Music, which opened its tenth season on Wednesday last, has been issued and is replete with information upon every point. The College provides thorough technical and theoretical musical education, and its diplomas command recognition by musicians. The teaching staff has been strengthened by the addition of Mr. Frank Welsman in the piano department; Mr. John Bayley, violin; Madame Lucy Franklin and Miss C. E. Williams, vocal. The organ department is specially provided for under Mr. Torrington, Mr. D. E. Fairclough, F.R.C.O., and Mr. T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac. Mr. Paul Hahn has been engaged as teacher of cello. The department of artistic elocution and expression is in the hands of the celebrated Dr. Carlyle, under whom every phase of training is provided. In the department of physical culture Dr. Carlyle will be assisted by Miss Lillian Burns. Copies of the College calendar may be had upon application to the secretary.

Herr Theodore Wihmayer, the talented pianist and teacher, arrived in the city from Leipzig a few days ago. He has taken up his residence in Toronto permanently, and has already received several important appointments in connection with the musical department of some of our most successful ladies' seminaries. He has also opened a private studio at 33 Grenville street. Herr Wihmayer is acknowledged to be one of the most gifted of the many well equipped teachers of the piano trained in the Krause School of Leipzig. In an article on the life of Herr Krause, which appeared recently in a leading United States journal, he is classed with the following brilliant group of pianists and instructors of the Krause School: Herr Foerster, Mr. Field, Herr Knuepfer and Mr. Schirmer. Mr. Wihmayer gives a piano recital early in October.

The season which began on Wednesday last at the Metropolitan School of Music promises to be an exceptionally busy one. The directors have provided for a greatly increased attendance of pupils, and a number of very important additions have been made to the staff, including Miss Belle Noonan of Boston in the elocutionary department; Miss Amy Jaffray of Chicago and Mr. J. M. Sherlock of Toronto in the vocal department, and Mr. August Andersen in the violin department. As will be seen by referring to an announcement in the advertising columns, a large number of valuable scholarships in the piano, vocal and elocutionary departments are now being announced. Such as desire to compete should write to or present themselves at the office of the institution, corner of Queen street and Macdonell avenue.

Mr. H. Klingensfeld, the well known violinist, and Mrs. Klingensfeld, teacher of vocal and piano, have returned to the city from their vacation in Muskoka, and resumed their lessons at their private residence, 494 Huron street, and their studio at A. and S. Nordheimer's. The celebrated firm of Breitkopf and Haertel, Leipzig, Germany, have accepted Mr. Klingensfeld's Viola-School, which he just recently completed. This work is a tribute to Mr. Klingensfeld's ability as a musician and his scholarship generally.

At a concert in Beaumaris Hotel last week, in aid of the Episcopal church, Miss Carrie Lash of Toronto, the talented contralto soloist of St. Paul's church, Bloor street, sang Balf's If Thou Couldst Know in excellent style, receiving an enthusiastic recall. Her second number, Sullivan's Lost Chord, won for her an ovation. Miss Lash has an exceptionally good contralto voice, large compass and sympathetic tone, and is too seldom heard in Toronto.

Lord Dysart, in a letter to the London Times, complains of the custom requiring evening dress at the performances of opera at Covent Garden. The useless regulation having no conceivable connection with any individual listener's appreciation or that of his neighbors, and being on the other hand a fertile source of trouble to many opera-goers, might well be thrown on one side.

Mr. Charles Edward Jolley, Mus. Bac., Oxon, F. R. C. O., organist of St. George's church, Hanover square, London, spent a few days in the city during the past week and called upon several of our leading musicians whilst here. Mr. Jolley's London appointment is one of the best in the great metropolis, the church being the scene of most of the fashionable weddings of London's society.

Miss Norma Reynolds, of the Conservatory of Music staff, returned to the city on Monday of last week after having spent a very pleasant holiday of seven weeks at the seaside and New York. Miss Reynolds may be interviewed at her residence, 4 Pembroke street, or at the Conservatory of Music, by any who wish to consult her with reference to vocal study.

Attention is directed to the card of Miss Bessie Bonsall, who has just returned to Toronto after a most successful artistic season in London, Eng. Miss Bonsall will be open for engagements as contralto soloist. She is arranging for a recital at an early date, particulars of which will appear in a future issue of SATURDAY NIGHT.

Miss Mary Smart, the well known vocal instructor, has begun her season's work. Appointments for interviews regarding voice culture may be made with Miss Smart at her vocal studio, Yonge street Arcade, or at St. Margaret's College, corner Bloor street and Spadina avenue.

Mlle. Dina Beumer, the famous Belgian soprano, who makes her first American appearance with the New York Symphony Orchestra in October, will sing at a grand concert to be given in Massey Music Hall in November. She will be supported by a group of splendid artists.

Madame Stuttaford, the well known teacher of voice culture, has returned to Toronto after her vacation, and is now prepared to receive pupils at her residence, No. 1a Harbord street.

Miss Ada E. S. Hart has returned from her vacation, and is now prepared to receive pupils at her residence, No. 1a Harbord street.

Mr. J. Huggill of 445 Yonge street has shipped a case of violins to Amsterdam. This is supposed to be the first Canadian shipment to Holland.

## INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 9, 1888 PRESIDENT EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director OF MUSIC College St. and Queen's Ave. Reopened in the New Buildings Corner of College St. and Queen's Avenue. On Sept. 1st for the Eleventh Season. New Calendar Giving Full Particulars MAILED FREE

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## Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. MacIntyre and Miss Scanlon have returned from Port Sandfield. Mrs. MacIntyre leaves this week to spend a short time at her old home, Maplebank, Guelph.

At Insterhue, Stony Lake, Mrs. H. Brook gave what will probably be the last hop of the season last Tuesday evening. A huge bon-fire and many a sweet song and chorus greeted the coming guests. The many boats and canoes carried away their unwilling freight soon after midnight. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Roxburgh, the Misses Erskine, Miss Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson, Mrs. C. Winch, Miss Fyfe, Miss Boyer, Messrs. Ross Cameron, Frank and Gerald Roxburgh, Thos. Wigmore, Fred. Rutherford, R. McWilliams, T. Merrick, and Wilbur Fraser.

A Niagara-on-the-Lake correspondent writes: Miss Beverley Robinson has taken a cottage in Victoria street. Mrs. Colquhoun and daughter are boarding here. Miss Dickson is visiting Mrs. Wylly Grier. Mrs. Morrison of Spadina avenue is staying with Capt. and Mrs. R. G. Dickson. Mrs. Du Pencier has spent a few days with the Misses Beavens. A most beautiful up-to-date Cleveland bicycle was won by Mrs. John Foy at the Catholic festival. On view at Mr. Poffard's for some days, it has been the wonder of the town. Archdeacon Boddy is here and preached at St. Mark's on Sunday last. His able sermon was much appreciated. Mrs. Forbes and Miss Viola Geddes are spending their holidays at their father's home. Mr. Ernest Godson, barrister-at-law, is at the Chautauqua. Mr. J. J. Foy, Q.C., and Mrs. Harrison have spent a few days here. A beautifully illustrated pamphlet containing all items of interest and information concerning Niagara, has just been published by Messrs. Pickwell of the local paper here, the Times. It is well worth perusal and will be circulated all over Canada and the United States by the municipal authorities.

On Saturday evening a quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mr. John Fensom, when his youngest daughter, Edith Maude, was united in marriage to Mr. Joseph M. Lawson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Henderson. The bride was prettily gowned in white silk with trimmings of chiffon and orange blossoms. Miss Maude Stone of Parry Sound was bridesmaid, the maid of honor being little Miss Gertrude Boyle, niece of the bride. The groomsmen were Mr. Stewart Burns. After the wedding supper the newly wedded couple left for Kingston.

Montreal and eastern cities, amidst hearty congratulations, and on their return will reside at 16 Sussex avenue, where the bride will receive Thursdays in September. The invited guests were: Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. McCausland, Mrs. and Miss Lawson, Mr. Edward Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Moody of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Robertson, Miss Maggie Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. John Fensom, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fensom, the Misses Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Pirie of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCausland of Oakville, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Follett, Mr. J. Swan and the Misses Swan, Miss Lottie Macmullen, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fensom, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCausland, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. B. Thompson, Miss Sutherland, Miss Johnston, Miss Bolton, Mr. and Mrs. George Fensom, Mr. F. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson, Mr. W. Wilson, Mr. Stewart Burns, and Miss Stone of Parry Sound.

Quite an exodus of doctors and their wives has taken place to Montreal, where the convention is in session this week. McGill College grounds were adorned with a huge marquee, and the hospitalities of the beautiful city were all alive. Dr. Ball of Dublin, who was the guest of Mr. Beardmore here during the British Scientists' visit, is staying with Sir William Hingston in his handsome home in Sherbrooke street.

Mrs. Cockburn and Mrs. Tait have gone to Muskoka to Mr. Cockburn's summer residence for a few weeks. Mr. Churchill Cockburn is also sojourning in Muskoka.

The following guests are registered at Maplehurst Hotel, Muskoka: Mrs. Richard Miller, Mrs. D. C. Haynes, Miss Benson, Mr. T. R. Merritt of St. Catharines, Miss H. Proctor of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Jones of New York, Mrs. W. H. Ladson and Miss I. B. Ladson of Charleston, S.C., Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hensel and Miss Hensel of Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. Frank A. Lee of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Browning, Dr. and Mrs. L. H. P. Hodgson of New York, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Carling, Miss Carling, Master J. Carling and Master K. Hammond of London, Mr. E. I. Sirett of Franklin, Man., Messrs. H. T. McMillan, J. Gordon Mackay, I. N. Gordon, W. R. Morson, Mrs. Fuller, Miss Henrietta Shippey, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra and party, the Right Rev. Bishop Sullivan, Mrs. Sullivan and Master Archie Sullivan of Toronto, Messrs. G. W. Hemming and John Forbes of London, Eng.

Last week the Ontario Rifle Association held the annual match at Long Branch ranges, and this week the Dominion Rifle Association is "firing forth" at Ottawa.

Mrs. A. E. Mortimer of Ottawa is spending a month with Mrs. Sinclair of McCaul street.

## Miss Bessie Bonehill.

Everybody, at least nearly everybody who takes an interest in the stage and those who belong to it, has heard of Bonnie Bessie Bonehill, although they may know but little of her history before she made her New York debut. On this account a short sketch of this famous comedienne's life may make interesting reading. Miss Bonehill is a star who has reached the top of the ladder by her own exertions, talents and energies. Hers has been a unique life for an actress; no diamond robberies, no hair-breadth escapes from fire, climbing the Alps, shipwrecks, etc., no divorce or elopement scandals. She was born in a suburb of London, Eng., and being the fourth girl she was not received with a "glad hand," her father being especially wrathful and aggrieved when informed that another girl had been added to his family circle. He was looking for a son and heir. When she was six years of age she made her professional debut in a children's pantomime, and as she says herself, she has been a "boy" ever since, and her father has no kick coming. She toddled through child's parts in several big productions at the enormous salary of seventy-five cents per week, until she was increased to a pound a week. From that time her success was assured. She has played the leading parts in all the Christmas pantomimes and spectacular productions, such as Sinbad, Aladdin, etc. Then she introduced her character impersonations in the London music halls and became the rage. It was while playing in the music halls that Tony Pastor saw her and brought her to America, where she has since remained, the cleverest and most popular artist that ever came to this country from Europe.

Miss Bonehill will be seen at the Toronto Opera House all next week, commencing on Monday afternoon, in the new musical burlesque, Little Monte Cristo.

## FRANK S. WELSMAN

Piano Virtuoso

Successor to H. M. Field at the Toronto College of Music, pupil of Prof. Martin Kraus, Gustav Schreck and R. Hoffmann, Leipzig, will receive pupils in pianoforte playing, theory and composition at the College of Music.



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How often has a lady to remain at home from balls, parties and concerts on account of her face being red and blotchy, caused by an irritated skin. Every lady owes it



to herself to be fascinating and beautiful, and there is one way to have that soft and beautiful skin and that is by one month's treatment of Dr. Chase's Ointment

It is acknowledged by physicians to be without peer and the only safe and reliable cure for all skin diseases.

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One application will prevent and cure pimples, blackheads, blotches, red, rough and oily skin. A positive cure for itching palms and shapeless nails. Dr. L. A. Smith says he always prescribes Dr. Chase's Ointment in cases of Eczema, Salt Rheum, Crusted Skin and Itching Skin Diseases.

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A Full Dress Length of 13 yards of Rich Pure Silk Black Merveilleux, heavy weight, worth \$12.00, for only	\$7.50
A Full Dress Length of 12 yards of Wide Heavy Corded Pure Silk, worth \$15.00, for this week	.950
A Full Dress Length of 12 yards of Black Satin de Lyons, or Peau de Soie, extremely rich and heavy regular price \$18.00, this week only	10.80

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Passengers leaving Toronto at 4.45 p.m. by steamer Corona can make connection with steamer Chicora at Niagara-on-the-Lake and return to Toronto.

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## MESSAGE.

MESSAGE—Mr. &amp; Mrs. Thos. J. R. Cook

Graduates of West End Hospital, London, Eng.

304 KING STREET WEST

References from leading physicians. Phone 1288.

MESSAGE—MISS JENNIE, graduate of Charing Cross Hospital, London, Eng., is open to all nursing engagements. Telephone 336.

Address—6 Glen Road.



## Social and Personal.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Miss Mabel Lee returned to Toronto on Thursday morning.

I wonder have all his Toronto friends heard of the romantic marriage of handsome McLean of Pennycross some time ago? Sent home on sick leave, (and, by the way, reported a cold corpse by some over-eager angel-maker), the young soldier quietly married a cousin lassie and said not a word to his elders about it until a recent war-scare threatened him with speedy marching orders. Then did McLean of Pennycross and his bonnie bride confess, and Papa Pennycross scold, but we all know how little scolding affects the knot so securely tied, and wish the young folks all the happiness possible in this wicked world, which they are doubtless enjoying.

Everyone was glad to see Mrs. Arthurs out at the opening of the Exhibition. Since the death of her father her place in society has been a blank, and many have missed her greatly.

Mrs. S. H. Cragg and Miss Helen Cragg have returned from Big Bay Point, and purpose spending a couple of weeks with Mrs. Fred Cragg of 78 Homewood avenue before returning to Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the poster of the Brownies on a raft, with wild waves and sea-serpents all around them, did you notice the one on the highest and the driest part, with a good, safe grip on the rope? If he does not belong to the 48th he's a Scotchman, anyway.

The Misses Gamble of Charles street gave a progressive euchre party Tuesday evening.

Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, that good-looking specimen of "Auld Scotia," left last week for the Pacific Coast. The trip, I hear, is a combination of pleasure and business, a combination Scotchmen particularly delight in. The Pacific Coast is getting nearer to us every year; more people are going there than formerly. The general manager of the Imperial Bank, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, is there at present, with the above mentioned combination also.

In the account of the Yacht Club garden party it was inadvertently stated that Mr. J. H. Plummer was President instead of vice-commodore of the Club. As the commodore, Mr. Jarvis, was at the city to escort their Excellencies over the water on the Cleopatra, Mr. Plummer received them at the Island, with Mrs. Jarvis and Miss Mollie Plummer.

Tennis at the Athletic Club, with the following crack players, has begun, and until Wednesday will be a great attraction. Messrs. Forbes, Whitman and Ware of Harvard, Bond and Avery of Detroit, Sheldon of Yale, Neely of Cornell, Fischer of New York, and Budlong and Brown are the stars which will twinkle during the Athletic tournament. A dance at the Club next Monday evening is one of the features of the affair, and the committee hope for a very large attendance. Tickets may be had for the dance from Mr. Ewart Osborne, honorary secretary, Clover Hill, or at the Club.

A great many United States visitors are returning from the Muskoka lakes. Amongst those stopping at Mrs. Lawlor's, Frewen House, are: Dr. and Mrs. Menry, and their two sons, of Memphis, Mr. and Mrs. Jones of New York, Mrs. and Miss Ladson of Charleston, S. C., Mr. and Mrs. Chaffe of New Orleans, and Mrs. and the Misses Metcalfe of Detroit.

Mrs. and Miss Elwood return immediately from Ferndale, and Miss Elwood goes for a year or more to England for study.

The steam yacht Cleopatra left here on Wednesday for a trip down the lake. A fishing excursion it is called, I believe, with a good deal of fun for company, but fish or no fish an excursion on the Cleopatra is bound to be enjoyable.

The last week or two several Toronto families have looked for news from India with more interest than usual, and some anxiety. More than one Toronto boy is among the "sodger laddies" out there.

Mrs. Oliver B. Stanton holds her post-nuptial receptions on Mondays of this month at 258 Sherbourne street.

Mrs. J. F. Lash and Miss Lash have returned from Iolanthe, their Muskoka Island. Miss Lash has delighted many sojourners in Island Paradise, as an enthusiast calls Muskoka, with her lovely singing.

Colonel Alfred Smith and his popular wife are to go to Buffalo immediately, and will soon be settled at Fort Porter. The genial Colonel and Mrs. Smith will be much missed by many Canadian friends who have been welcomed by them at Fort Niagara.

Mrs. Cornish of Ottawa is spending a few days with her brother, Mr. C. H. Likens of 32 Marlborough avenue.

## Saved His Boy.

A Plain Statement From Mr. Robt. McLeod of Galt.

His Little Son Was Paralyzed on One Side, and Doctor's Treatment Did Him no Good—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Were Given and Effected a Thorough Cure.

From the Galt Reporter.

Mr. Robt. McLeod is a gentleman well known in the town of Galt and throughout the district. In conversation with a member of the Reporter staff recently, he consented to make public the facts concerning the illness and restoration to health of his little boy. He said: "Yes, I believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my little boy would not have been living to-day. Willie, who is ten years of age, was taken with an illness that developed into paralysis of the left side. He had the best medical aid within my reach, but nothing seemed to benefit him. He got so bad that a pin could be run into his left hand to the bone without his feeling it in the least. If he attempted to walk he could only get over the ground by dragging his left foot behind him; he had no power in it whatever. One night I was feeling pretty blue about him. I felt that he was going to be an invalid all his life, and I viewed things in their worst light. On this particular night I put on my hat with the intention of going out to take a quiet walk, but just as I got to the door I saw lying on a step a pamphlet. I picked it up listlessly and saw it was an advertising book of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. I only read a few words when the conviction seized me that there was something that might possibly benefit my boy. I at once went down to Mr. Ferrah's drug store and purchased a box of the pills. By the time he had taken two boxes the color had come back into his hand and arm, and by the time he had taken half a dozen boxes he was cured, and now he is better than he ever was before in his life, and as hearty and strong as any boy in the town. Yes, sir, I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine."

Askins—That Miss Summerfelt seems to be very fond of outdoor sports. May Cutting—Yes, indeed! All the morning she lies on the beach in her bathing suit, and all the afternoon she sits on the piazza in her bicycle suit.—Puck.

"What's the matter now?" asked the leading actor, as the manager tore a letter to shreds and stamped his feet. "Matter! That performance of yours is so infernally bad that this person demands that his name be stricken from the free list."—Detroit Free Press.

## Gentlemanly Top Coats.

The Chesterfield will be the most popular overcoat this season. It will be shapely but moderately loose, fitting, in length, to just below the bend of the knee. The materials which will be correct and popular in this season's make will be worsted, chevrons, and lamb's wool in browns, blues, and grays. The Covert coat will almost come even with the Chesterfield in popularity—will be nearly but not quite as full-box, and long enough to cover an under-sack or a short cutaway business frock, and will be made from Covert coatings or Bliss Tweeds. Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, has a splendid range of fine woolsens for making these and other top-coats that will be quite in style, such as double-breasted half-box overcoat, the full-box for driving, the Poletot for dressy occasions and the Inverness, the best adapted for evening dress wear.

The wife—What a sweet smile there is on the baby's face, John. The husband—Yes, he's probably dreaming that he's keeping me awake.—Toen Topics.

Ethel—And when he said he was willing to die for you, what did you do? Penelope—Why, I nearly fainted!—the idea of the only man at a summer resort talking of dying!—Puck.

## Loretto Abbey.

The new addition to Loretto Abbey, which has been in construction since last June, is progressing rapidly and promises to be a magnificent building. It will prove the crowning point to this already well-equipped establishment, making it one of the foremost seats of learning in America. The plans comprise every desirable improvement, and when completed will afford to the pupils every facility for making school life attractive as well as beneficial. Class and music rooms, dormitories, library, studio, concert hall, dining-room, etc., have a charming aspect, and prove that nothing has been omitted for the general comfort of the pupils. The usual curriculum will be carried out, and an able staff of teachers has been engaged for the various branches.

Though the building is not yet completed, this will not retard the opening of school. Everything has been satisfactorily arranged so that no inconvenience will be suffered on the part of those occupying the building. Classes will be resumed as usual on Tuesday, September 7.

Little Miss Muffet—I don't thuppothe I ought to go around all alone with a gentleman like you, Mr. Donkey Boy, but I gueth it's all right. The donkey is as good as most chaperons.—Bazar.

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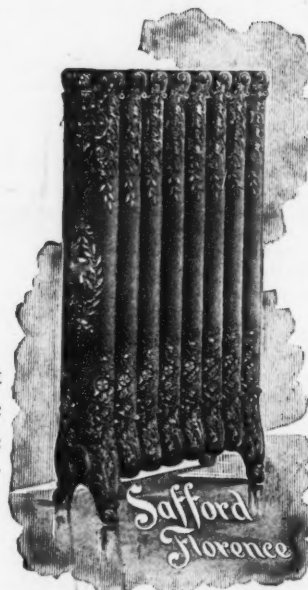
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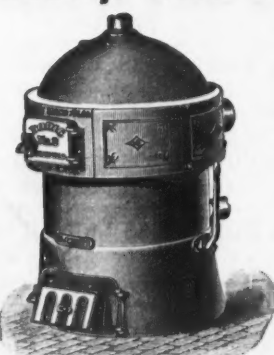


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FOR HOT WATER AND STEAM

Doric Boilers are specially simple and powerful—are fitted with the very best or late improvements—and are extra economical in the use of fuel.

Oxford Radiators are the world's standard of excellence with iron to iron joints—they can't leak.

The combination will give you the perfection of even unvarying warmth all winter at a most moderate cost.

Hadn't you better see or write us for full details?

The GURNEY-MASSEY CO., Limited, Montreal

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Will sell Return Tickets for Single First Class Fare, good to go on Sept. 4th, 5th and 6th; good returning until Sept. 7th; between all stations in Canada, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William and East.

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EXCURSIONS

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Good to go on August 31, return until October 30; good to go Sept. 14, return until Nov. 13; from all stations in Ontario, Unapung, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor and East.  
For rates, maps, time tables, pamphlets and full information, apply to any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent, or write  
C. E. McPHERSON, 1 King St. East, Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

## Births.

LOELL—On Friday, August 27, the wife of Mr. R. Loell—a son.  
GRAHAM—Aug. 14, Mrs. W. H. Graham—a daughter.  
CHOWN—Aug. 31, Mrs. S. D. Chown—a son.  
ELLIS—Aug. 23, Mrs. Charles Ellis—a son.  
EATON—Aug. 5, Mrs. John Eaton—a daughter.  
HART—Aug. 22, Mrs. V. E. Hart—a son.  
MUNRO—Owen Sound, Mrs. Geo. Munro—a son.  
WALTERS—Aug. 22, Mrs. W. H. Walters—a daughter.  
COCHRAN—Aug. 23, Mrs. R. Cochran—a daughter.  
LUNNESS—Aug. 30, Mrs. Wm. Lunness, jr.—a son.  
WILLIAMS—Aug. 28, Mrs. Geo. E. Williams—a son.  
KETCHUM—Cobourg, Aug. 31, Mrs. J. Ketchum—a son.  
SIMPSON—Aug. 29, Mrs. W. J. Simpson—a daughter.  
RUSSELL—Aug. 30, Mrs. Norman H. Russell—a son.

## Marriages.

LYON—TAYLOR—At All Saints' church, on September 1, by Rev. A. H. Baldwin, Annie Eleanor, daughter of Mr. Joseph Taylor, to Arthur Leslie Lyon.  
BEWELL—WIDDESS—Aug. 25, H. Bewell to Eulalie C. Widdess.  
OVEREND—SANTIMO—Aug. 26, John J. Overend to Bella Santimo.  
HAMMILL—SHANNON—Aug. 30, Prof. George Milton Hammill to Kathryn F. Shannon.  
BARRON—WEBBING—Aug. 23, William Barron to Emily Blanche Webb.  
MILLER—PERRIN—Aug. 14, Charles Percy Miller to Nettie Eleanor Perrin.  
MAYBEE—SHORT—Aug. 31, James Edward Maybee to Annie Augusta Short.  
JEWELL—ALEXANDER—Sept. 1, Harry Jewell to Annie Alexander.  
DENSON—MAIR—Perth, Geo. Taylor Denson, jr., to Margaret M. Mair.

## Deaths.

BELL—Aug. 26, Haig Bell, aged 31.  
DENNIS—Cobourg, Aug. 25, Jessie Dennis, aged 42.  
CHAPMAN—Aug. 25, G. A. Chapman, Jr., aged 22.  
MCGILSHAN—Aug. 25, James McGilshian, aged 87.  
BRYDGES—Los Angeles, Aug. 20, Ellen Brydges, aged 62.  
MORRIS—Calgary, Aug. 28, Lilla Morris.  
WOODLEY—Aug. 27, Patrick John Woodley.  
KILGOUR—Mount Forest, Aug. 22, Joseph Kilgour, aged 61.  
BLAKELEY—Port Credit, Aug. 30, Alexander Blakeley, aged 60.  
CAPNER—Aug. 29, Charlotte Capner, aged 89.  
GILLIES—Aug. 20, Margaret Gillies.  
MILLER—Nelson, B. C., Aug. 25, Minnie Miller, aged 23.  
LEHANE—Sept. 1, Sister M. Thecla (Lehane).

## FUNERAL NOTICE

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